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HER FIRST MISTLETOE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Another Christmas, and still unshot," was the boastful reflection of a Western editor at the end of a December: it is to be feared that he was referring to the bad marksmanship of his enemies rather than to any abatement of their ill-will. My own sensations are equally satisfactory, but arise from a different cause. Another Christmas, and I am still addressing the same friendly audience that has borne with me so long, and from some of whom—many of them in far distant lands—I every week receive assurances of a personal regard of which I feel but little worthy. To those unknown hands that reach across the seas, as to those nearer home, I stretch my own, and clasp them with grateful thanks. "Peace and goodwill" there is no need to wish between my readers and myself, for as to quarrels, we have none; while their kindness is such that I sometimes think with another, still less conscious of merit, that some good genius must have "given them potions." A Merry Christmas, however, I may well wish them, since much of what tends in my case to make it merry (though the word may be rather a misnomer) is their kindly relations with me.

In fiction previous to Dickens's works the scene of the festivities of Christmas is almost always laid in the country. With him, too, the chief ones, such as that at Dingley Dell, are so placed, while in the "Christmas Carol" we have a Christmas in London. The country, of course, offered much more picturesque materials for the subject; families then kept more together, and had not the same facilities for coming up to town. It is due to the railways, and not, as has been stated, to any fading interest in Dickens, that the great anniversary of the year has not the brilliant local colouring it used to have; since that of the Metropolis, where most people now welcome Father Christmas instead of going to the old folks at home, is drab. It is doubtful if "holies in the window greet him." It is certain no "schools come driving post to meet him." Even the feasting is greatly diminished. It seems amazing that the very overplus of eating and drinking, which now alarms us so on account of our digestions, should but half a century ago have been the subject of eulogy—

O plethora of beef and bliss!
Monkish feaster, fly of kiss!
Southern soul in body Dutch!
Glorious time of great Too-Much!

Oh, right is thy instinctive praise
Of the wealth of Nature's ways!
Right thy most untrifling glee,
And pious thy mince-piety!
For behold! great Nature's self
Builds her no abstemious shelf;
But provides (her love is such
For All) her own great, good Too-Much—
Too much grass, and too much tree,
Too much air, and land, and sea;
Too much seed of fruit and flower,
And fish, an unimagin'd dower!

Though these sentiments suggest indigestion, they are very wholesome in another sense. There are two ways of becoming slaves to our stomach—not caring what things we fill it with so long as they are nice, and fearing to put anything in it for fear it should disagree; and the old way was the best; at all events at Christmas-time.

A delightful essayist once wrote of "The Inexhaustibility of the Subjects of Christmas." It was but two generations ago, and yet how many of them are already exhausted and have not even a meaning for us! What does "even the youngest of us" know about "saluting the apple-trees," or "going a-gooding," or "loaf-stealing," or "wad-shooting"? They were probably Christmas games, but goodness knows (and possibly *Notes and Queries*) what games. This author gravely begs us to remark in—

Oh, the roast beef of old England,
And oh, the old English roast beef,

the "And oh"—not merely "Oh" again, but the "And" with it, "expressing the reduplication of satisfaction." It is curious that so keen an observer should have failed to remark upon the familiar couplet—

Christmas comes but once a year,

And when it comes it brings good cheer,
that the "And" ought to be "But," both for sense and emphasis.

It is not generally known that Southey once proposed to write a Christmas story. He was an admirable prose writer, whatever may be thought of him as a poet, but one suspects from the outlines of the tale he would not have distinguished himself as a story-teller. It was also, apparently, intended to be humorous, and he had very little of that element in his composition. The Lady

Cheatebell, playing at Hunt the Knave out of Town, packed the cards and gave herself the Knave of Hearts, being Jack. From that time forth at midnight the Knave haunted her. She goes to a conjuror; he calls up the Queen of Hearts as a superior spirit, but he is outwitted; everything yields to law. He was Jack, and takes everything, wherefore he wins the Queen, and both spirits haunt the Lady Cheatebell. One imagines that the success of this Christmas story would a good deal depend upon the illustrations. Southey asks of his correspondent *Si placet*? and the latter maintains a prudent reticence.

In an interesting article in a recent *Spectator* upon sleep it is stated that "A goes to sleep, and, having an active memorial apparatus in his brain," remembers when he wakes "his dream throughout, just as he remembers his day thoughts." B, on the other hand, having insensitive memorial machinery, doesn't remember it. The statement is made as though the A's were as plentiful as the B's. Now, not only in my own experience but in that of all others with whom I have spoken on the subject, to remember a dream when one wakes as though it were a day thought is a very exceptional thing. "As in a dream when one awakens" is a quotation that describes an impression lost beyond recall, and which comes home to almost everybody. It is quite curious how vain is the effort to reproduce what the imagination has pictured during sleep, though it has but just left the retina of the brain, and however desirous we may be to catch the last link and continue the illusion. When it is recovered, the dream becomes a remarkable one, and more or less deserving of record. There is no such sure prescription for falling into a second sleep on the instant, but how seldom that unaccommodating chemist, Nature, makes it up for us! The writer in the *Spectator* dwells, justly enough, upon the mystery that hangs about the sleeper, and makes itself felt by the onlooker. "People who remember," he says, "how often they see old Jones asleep in the club library will laugh at this; but look quietly and alone at even old Jones, and the sense of mystery will soon develop." "What!" it may be said, "even if Jones snores?"

It appears from recent proceedings at a London police-court that what used to be called a "traitor" or a "spy" is now termed a "nark," and that he smells no sweeter under that unromantic name than the others. In the case in question an individual answering to this description had gone so near to being a confederate with those whom his evidence convicted that nothing is to be said for him, but otherwise one is induced to doubt the wisdom of denouncing this class of person, especially from the Bench. There is no fear of these Judases being over-popular with their fellow-creatures; they are despised, and they know that they are despised, alike by those who employ them, and by those whom they betray—but they are necessary evils. If there were really honour among thieves—or, at all events, much of it—honest men would seldom come by their own, or rogues be punished. However despicable these men may be, they are the instruments of justice, and justice should not quarrel with her tools. There is none of them which villains fear so much, and with reason, as they do these. "As to the occupation of a 'spy,' it is one of the most dangerous that can be followed, and in some cases—as in warfare, where men of dauntless courage, knowing what an ignominious death awaited them in case of discovery, have undertaken it—an honourable one. Every detective, a class to whom we owe the revelation of all great crimes, is a spy or ready to become one. He consorts with thieves and murderers, taking his life in his hands, worms out their secrets, and betrays them. He is also paid for it, yet no one thinks any the worse of him. Who has a word to say against that friend of everybody, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? It is true that the other sort of traitor—the man who "rounds" upon his real comrades for a bribe—stands morally upon different ground, but he is equally useful to the State, and it is surely injudicious in those who have the administration of the law to speak of him contemptuously, and thereby discourage his efforts. So long as we make use of him, we have no right to abuse his profession, and it is bad policy to do so.

If the manner in which the Secret Service money has been expended ever comes to be made known, these matters will be better understood; but the fact is, the whole question of the distillation of good out of evil materials is little appreciated except by the scent-manufacturers. One prejudice against it is displayed in its crudest form in the refusal of the religious world to have collecting-boxes for the poor placed in grand stands at racecourses. The results, it is certain, would be most satisfactory to the recipients, but the societies stand in the way, objecting that anyone should be benefited save in their own fashion, or that the wicked should have an opportunity, even for once, of performing a good action. We may judge from this how far we are from the realisation of the projects of the philosopher who wrote upon "The Utilisation of Determined Suicides." The treatise is rare, and one forgets the items with which it deals, but the abolition of tyrants was one of them; for when a man has absolutely resolved to quit the

world his last act does not affect him in any way, and it may just as well be a useful one.

Most proverbs have at least a converse, if not a contradiction, but I am not aware that there is any to the saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." There ought to be one indicating the evil that in certain cases attaches to good winds. In its report at the year's end in the *Undertakers' Review* there is this statement: "There has only been an occasional demand for us, and that chiefly of an unremunerative kind." The latter phrase has reference to "the dipped brass-plate stuff" (made in Germany), which in the eyes of too many executors seems good enough for coffin-furniture, and has little interest for the general reader; but this feeling of regret for the smallness of the Bills of Mortality strikes one as remarkable. Of course it is very natural, though it sounds odd. When doctors tell us it has been a bad year, they mean that it has been a healthy one. When soldiers complain of it, they mean they have had no opportunity of shooting or stabbing their fellow-creatures. When sportsmen complain of a bad day they have been known to lay the blame upon "them stinking v'lets!" When lawyers speak of bad times, they are times when there have been less quarrels in a Christian land. The feelings of divines must be a little mixed; the general notion is that their object is to chase and worry "Auld Hornie" (as the Scotch affectionately term him), but not to kill him (like stag-hunting), since in that case their occupation would be gone; but, to do them justice, they never talk of good or bad years when alluding to their profession. It is a soothing reflection that almost the only calling the prosperity of which in no degree depends on the ill-conduct or ill-fortune of others is that of Literature.

The report of the "scientist" who promised us last year that he had at last (in the United States, of course) discovered the "Philosopher's Stone" is not altogether satisfactory. He may be sure (though we are not), but he is unquestionably slow. Six golden dollars in fifteen months is not a large yield. In one thing he was judicious. Leaving other mutations of metals, he confined himself to that of silver, which in its present state of depreciation made experiments cheap. If he can manage to turn it into gold, he will confer one blessing at least upon the community: there need be no more lectures on bimetalism. The seeking of the Philosopher's Stone has been the folly—and often the fraud—of the wise since gold has been the object of desire. The greatest patron of the alchemists in this country was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; his mansion was their constant resort, and they contrived to get paid when no other creditors of his Grace could manage it. Nothing was ever really produced (except bad smells), through the ill-luck, as it was pretended, which attended these operations: the glass broke or the fire was let out just as the grand process was coming to a conclusion—there was "always a something." One of them, however, succeeded—indirectly—so far as to carry off from the Duke's service sixteen thousand pounds. The popular notion was that mercury had the aptest disposition to make gold; but these persons all required gold in their ground-work. Their excuse was that the seed of gold was gold itself, as that of a vegetable is in a vegetable. Hundreds of persons passed their lives in this vain pursuit. Penitus, at ninety-eight, said on his death-bed that "if he had a mortal enemy he would advise him, above all things, to give himself up to the study of alchemy." But, after all, this is the kind of advice that everybody leaves behind him who has failed in his profession.

A lady of Boston has been giving her attention to finding situations for men as kitchen-maids. She considers that she has found in this direction a panacea for the "Greatest Plague of Life," that she has solved the domestic problem. One would like to have more details as to whether "plain cooks," for example, are not a discouraging factor to the engagement of male kitchen-maids. One lady declares that the young man now doing her housework is the best "help" she has had for thirty years. This gentleman is a graduate of the University (its name is not mentioned), and "finds his education most useful in the kitchen." This, I am sure, would not be the case with me. I learnt "little Latin and less Greek," but nothing at all about scullery work. As a fag at Eton I boiled eggs and made toast for a monster in the fifth form, who would eat anything; but I should be sorry to do the same office for myself. Indeed, a more useless person as a producer in the cooking line than he who plies this humble pen, I can hardly imagine. When I think of being cast upon a desert island, and compare myself with the intelligent and skilful people who make themselves so comfortable there, I blush with shame. "A dinner of herbs" is only really agreeable in the form of an omelette. An omelette, I know—though only from the proverb—cannot be made without breaking of eggs, but after that what happens? The employment of young graduates below stairs will probably cause an innovation in social as well as domestic life. Men often marry their cooks, but mistresses will now marry their kitchen-men.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM TERRISS.

For a very large section of the British public the gaiety of Christmastide has this year been sadly abated by the terrible end of the popular actor, Mr. William Terriss, the hero of a hundred stage fights, who was stabbed to death on Thursday evening in last week outside the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Terriss had driven with a friend to Maiden Lane, the narrow street which gives access to the stage domain of the Adelphi, and there alighted, with the intention of repeating his impersonation of Captain Thorne in the American drama, "Secret Service." Still in conversation with his companion, he was just about to open the street door admitting to his dressing-room when a man named Richard Archer Prince, formerly employed at the Adelphi Theatre as a "super" and actor of very small rôles, rushed up to him, and before either he or his friend could make any defence, stabbed him to the heart with such fatal effect that he only lived twenty minutes, and that without recovering consciousness after his first outcry. Medical aid was quickly by the side of the wounded man, but nothing could save him, and, by a strange and terrible irony, about the time that the large audience in the theatre was beginning to wonder why the curtain did not rise, the well-graced actor by whom it was expecting to be thrilled yet once again, as so often before, breathed his last on the other side of the stage. Presently the wondering audience was dismissed with the announcement that there would be no performance that evening owing to an accident that had befallen Mr. Terriss, and by the time the majority of the disappointed playgoers reached the street, the Strand was horror-stricken with the news. The tidings spread over London and thence throughout the kingdom like wild-fire, received everywhere first with incredulity and then with indignant sorrow. To few even of fortune's favourites in the theatrical profession does it fall to be so closely in touch with the great heart of the playgoing public as the leading representative of British heroism had long been, and the dastardly nature of the crime, committed out of an unreasoning jealousy by a good-for-nothing, who had in the past received much kindness at his victim's hands, stirred the deep indignation even of those to whom the dead player's personality meant nothing.

The story of Mr. Terriss's career has often been told, but it has a fresh interest now that it has been brought to so tragic a close. His real name was Lewin, and he was born in 1848, in London, where his father practised as a barrister. His mother was a niece of the historian Grote. He received his earlier education at the Bluecoat School, and then became a midshipman in the Royal Navy. But he was a high-spirited lad of roving disposition, and left the Navy to try



Photo A. Ellis.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM TERRISS AS CAPTAIN AYLMER IN "IN THE DAYS OF THE DUKE."

various other professions, destined in turn to prove ungenial. Tea-planting in Chittagong subsequently occupied his energies for a space. Once more in England he succumbed to the glamour of the footlights, and made his first appearance at Birmingham. But the provincial stage satisfied not his youthful ambition, and he laid siege to Mr. Bancroft—now Sir Squire—with such success that he was engaged to create the part of Lord Cloudways in "Society," but the wanderer's spirit overcame him again and he left England to become a sheep-farmer in the Falkland Islands. But the stage claimed him yet again, and he made

his reappearance in London at Drury Lane in "Rebecca," Andrew Halliday's version of "Ivanhoe." A very successful engagement as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem" followed at the Strand, and then yet once again Mr. Terriss forsook the life of the footlights for that of a horse-breeder in Kentucky. His losses in this venture



Photo Window and Groce.

MR. TERRISS AS KING HENRY VIII.

proved, however, the ultimate gain of the English stage, for he returned to the boards for good, and confirmed his growing reputation by his performances as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Wallis, Captain Molyneux in "The Shaughraun," and Orlando to the Rosalind of Adelaide Neilson. The part in which he won the most artistic credit of his earlier career was, however, that of Squire Thornhill, the debonair and rakish young lover of Olivia, in Mr. John Hare's original production of the play since known to fame as part of the Lyceum repertoire.

Three years later, in the autumn of 1880, Mr. Terriss entered upon his first engagement at the Lyceum, playing Château Renaud in "The Corsican Brothers"; and since that date, with the exception of brief engagements at Drury Lane, in "Paul Kruvar," and in the summer of this year, at the Haymarket, in "A Marriage of Convenience," his professional life has been divided between the Lyceum and the Adelphi, with a continuity of policy which long since gave him the importance of an actor-manager, though he never in reality essayed to rank as such. With a number of Sir Henry Irving's most notable productions his name is inseparably associated. His very human Cassio, his gay Mercutio, his princely Don Pedro, his fervent Bassanio, his bluff King Hal, and his impetuous King Henry II. in Tennyson's "Becket" were fine performances in themselves and served as an admirable foil to the more subtle intellectuality of his manager's acting. At the same house he was seen as Romeo, Pygmalion, and in other leading rôles under Miss Mary Anderson's management. At the Adelphi the actor's range was, of course, more circumscribed. It was not his fault that he was called upon to impersonate a type which varied but little in succeeding plays. Rather was it his triumph that he made that type a thing of splendid chivalry by the fine manly quality of his own extremely picturesque performances. Throughout a long course of plays, ranging from "The Harbour Lights" and "The Bells of Haslemere" to "One of the Best" and "In the Days of the Duke," he made melodrama the heroic drama of the London multitude—and the thing was worth doing.

In private life Mr. Terriss was as much beloved as by his friends of the playgoing public. Until the sudden outbreak of homicidal fury on the part of the man who now awaits trial for his dastardly act, it would have taxed the dead actor's friends to name the man who was his enemy. Sincere and generous, he led a simple, unaffected life, which in itself commanded respect, and was, in brief, one of whom—

... Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Mr. Terriss leaves a widow, two sons, and a daughter. One of the sons has given some promise as an actor, and the daughter, Miss Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Seymour Hicks) is already known to fame as a comedienne of exceptional charm.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

There is little appearance or probability of renewed fighting in the Afridi hill-country during the pinch of wintry weather. Sir William Lockhart's army has been collected at headquarters in the Bara Valley; but he set forth on Friday last, with the First Division and the Peshawar Column, under General Hammond, to visit the Khyber Pass at its eastern opening, into which he advanced from Jamrud to Fort Maude and Ali Musjid on Saturday, finding the road in good condition; the forts, dismantled and burnt some months ago, were abandoned by the enemy, and no sign of further resistance was to be seen in the Pass. The Orakzai tribes have given up their rifles and paid the fines imposed upon them. Our Special Artist contributes a few sketches of incidents of camp life at Bagh, in the Maidan of Tirah, several weeks ago.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, writes as follows in description of his sketches reproduced in our pages this week: "I send you some sketches of different views in camp showing how we have all been compelled to build up sangars, or stone defences, against the constant firing of the enemy into our camp at night. It is one thing to read about such inconveniences in a newspaper while comfortably reclining in an arm-chair, but quite another to be exposed, night after night, supping and sleeping, to a continual fire from an enemy who every now and then approaches within eighty yards of the camp, and sometimes even gets between our pickets and the General's headquarters. Only last night, while visiting some friends within their sangar, I felt two bullets whizz past my head. To avoid being carried off by ignominious chance shots of this kind, we have either dug down into the ground or thrown up earthworks. The precaution was first adopted by officers and men, and now we have followed suit."

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE FOOTBALL.

Some football men believe that the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge is a good thing for the side that is expected to lose, so frequently have victories been scored by the non-favourites. But this year they could scarcely point to either side as being deficient in talent taken as a whole. What one team lacked in one respect was neutralised by a weakness in another, so that when they lined up at Queen's Club the chances were about equal. The trial games pointed to nothing if not a stubborn contest. Oxford could show an unbeaten record, while Cambridge had suffered two reverses, but at the hands of such powerful opponents that the strength of the Light Blues was shown to be decidedly above the average possessed by Varsity teams. And yet in the game played last week the Cambridge front line, which was generally supposed to be their strongest point, was no wall of strength, and the Dark Blues had quite three-quarters



Photo W. and D. Loomery.

MR. TERRISS AS GERALD AUSTEN IN "THE FATAL CARD."

of the game. In the opening half only some fine tackling prevented Oxford from scoring; but during the whole period of play Cambridge never looked like scoring; as a matter of fact, on only four or five occasions did they get within the Oxford quarter line. The second half had not long been in progress when Nicholas, after some smart passing, scored the first try for Oxford too wide on the left to allow of Barry converting. The second try was gained by Stratton, but at too difficult an angle to be improved upon. Thus victory rested with the Dark Blues by six points to nil. The best men on the winning side were Champain, Stratton, and Smith.



MAHARAJAH SIR PERTAB SINGH'S PROTECTION AGAINST THE ENEMY'S FIRE INTO CAMP AT NIGHT.



MR. MELTON PRIOR'S PROTECTION AGAINST THE ENEMY'S FIRE INTO CAMP AT BAGH.



HEADQUARTERS OF SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART AND HIS STAFF IN BAGH.



OUR ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR, AND A FRIEND AT DINNER: AN UNWELCOME GUEST.
"A bullet passed over the Headquarters mess and smashed the whisky bottle."



COLONEL HUTCHINSON, THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT, WRITING HIS DESPATCHES, HIS TENT SANGARED AGAINST THE ENEMY'S FIRE AT NIGHT.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

Quartermaster G. Jay. E. Diggle. B. McKenzie. Captain Ferguson. J. C. Ball. Lieutenant G. H. Dodd. A. Millikin.



Quartermaster J. Frith Sub-Lieut. Broadbent J. Hayes. T. Jones F. Duggan. W. Crathorne. J. Lang
THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CUNARD STEAMER "ETRURIA," WHO RESCUED THE CREW OF THE WHITBY STEAMER "MILLFIELD" ON DECEMBER 10.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULDS AND HIBBARD, SHAFORTH, LIVERPOOL.

At the Liverpool Town Hall last week, the Lord Mayor presented the awards of the Mercantile Marine Service Association for gallant conduct in saving human life to Captain Ferguson and the crew of the Cunard steam-ship "Etruria." An address and a gold medal were presented to Captain Ferguson, and medals to Mr. G. H. Dodd, first officer, and Mr. Harvey M. Broadbent second officer. The "Etruria" on Dec. 10 rescued the crew of twenty-five hands of the Whitby screw-steamer "Millfield" one hundred and forty miles west of Fastnet.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, on Friday, Dec. 17, left Windsor Castle for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, to stay there until the middle of February. The Queen and her Royal Highness visited the tombs of the late Duke of Albany and the late Duke of Clarence in the Albert Chapel at Windsor on Wednesday, the 15th. The Marquis of Salisbury came on that day as a visitor to her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of York had been staying with her two days before. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen on Friday, and has planted in Windsor Park an oak raised from an acorn of the Queen's Jubilee Oak of 1887, to commemorate the date of 1897, the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned on Saturday to London from their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, where the party of guests included the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Granby, the Earl of Gosford, the Earl of Crewe, Lord Galway, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, the Right Hon. H. Chaplin, and other gentlemen.

At the London County Council on Dec. 14, Lord Rosebery presented to the late Chairman, Sir John Hutton, the portrait of himself subscribed for by members of the Council. The date of election of the new Council has been fixed for March 3.

Lord Rosebery, with a deputation of gentlemen who have subscribed for a portrait of the late Rev. W. Rogers, Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, attended upon the Court of Common Council of the City of London, on Dec. 16, to offer the portrait as a gift, which was accepted, and it will be placed in the Art Gallery of Guildhall. It has been painted by Mr. A. S. Cope.

At the London School Board, on Dec. 16, the proposal of Father Brown to seek power for providing food, beyond what is done by voluntary effort, for children of the poorest class at the elementary schools, was negatived by 28 votes against 15.

The joint committee of delegates of the Employers' Federation in the engineering trade and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, to negotiate a settlement of their dispute, held meetings last week at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The previous balloting of the members of the Amalgamated Society and Trade Unions had negatived, by 68,966 votes against 752, the acceptance of the employers' proposals. A smaller joint committee of three from each side was formed to examine and discuss the points of difference, with various details concerning management of works, free power of employment, piece-work, overtime, selection and training of workmen, limitation of the number of apprentices, and arbitration in disputed cases. The deliberations on Friday resulted in a provisional agreement on these points; but the employers still declined to admit the rule of limiting the hours of labour to eight hours a day, or forty-eight in the week. A ballot of the workmen's trade unions will be taken upon this question.

Her Majesty has conferred the Order of the Royal Red Cross upon Mrs. Anne Eyre Hely, aged seventy-seven, widow of a surgeon, and now an inmate of the Ravenstone Hospital, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, who was one of Miss Florence Nightingale's staff of nurses in the Crimean War.

The Treaty of Peace with Turkey was ratified by the Greek Chamber of Deputies at Athens on Friday, and signed by the King, but could not reach Constantinople before Sunday. The prisoners of war on both sides have been set at liberty, and the brigands in Thessaly are to be suppressed. The foreign Ambassadors are now turning their attention to Crete, the Montenegro Voivode, Bozo Petrovitch, having been accepted by them as the future administrative ruler; Crete to be under the nominal sovereignty or suzerainty of the Sultan, but as a ward of the Great Powers, with either an International Council of Delegates, or the Foreign Consuls to form an advising Board.

The German Emperor William, after accompanying his brother, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, from Kiel to Rendsburg on the Baltic Ship Canal, on board the war-ship *Deutschland* with the squadron bound for China, on Thursday, Dec. 16, visited Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, and dined with the aged statesman, who was unable, as an invalid, to rise from his chair. Their interview was very cordial. In his speech at the Kiel farewell banquet,

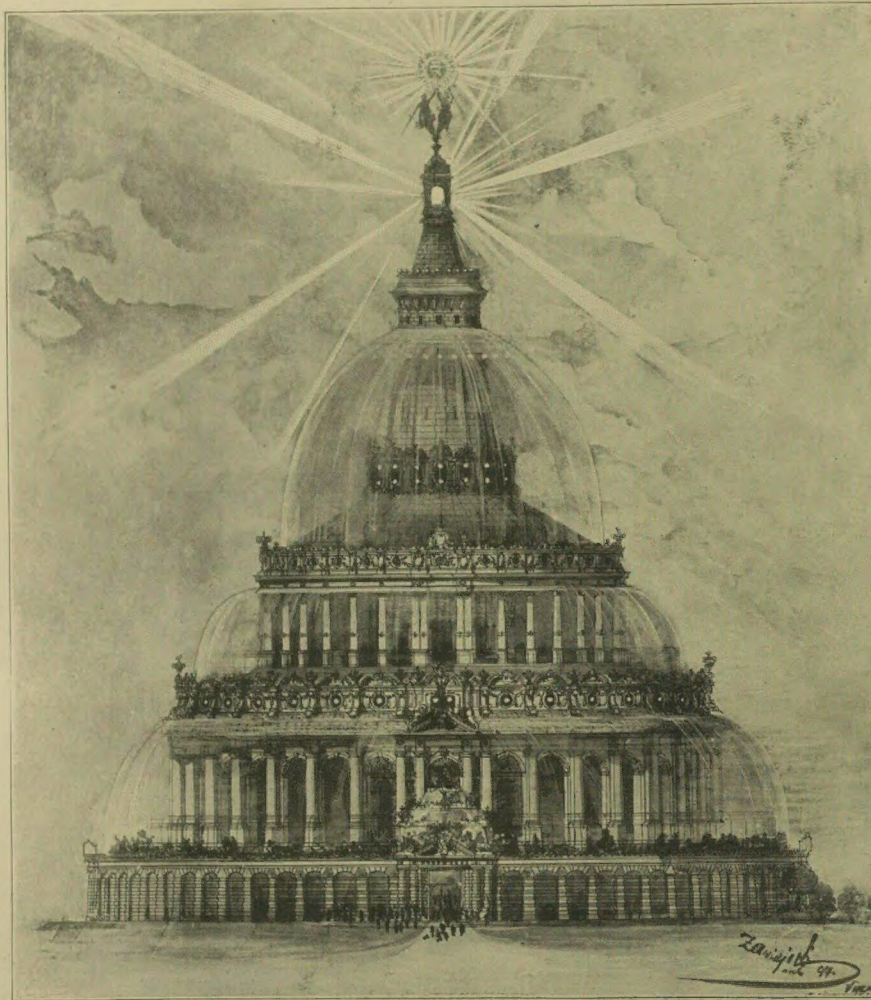
the Emperor declared that German imperial and naval power, "striking out with mailed fist, if necessary," should defend the astonishing development of German commerce; while Prince Henry replied, "I go to preach abroad, to those who will hear and to those who will not hear, the Gospel of your Majesty's anointed person." The *Deutschland*, with her consort the *Gefion*, arrived off Spithead about six o'clock on Sunday morning. Royal salutes were fired, and Prince Henry went to Osborne on a visit to the Queen.

In consequence of the German occupation of Kiaochow, a Russian naval squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Reounow, has entered Port Arthur with the seeming acquiescence of the Chinese Government, and will pass the winter there. It has been regarded as one of the strongest places on the coast; but its guns were taken away by the Japanese.

Tahiti or Otaheite, in the South Pacific Ocean, having long been a French Protectorate, is now about to be formally annexed to the French dominions by a Government Bill which is before the Senate and Chamber.

PARIS EXHIBITION WATER PALACE.

To Paris and its visitors from all the world, the name of the "Château d'Eau" has long been familiar. But the superb project of Professor Jan Zawiejski,



PROFESSOR JAN ZAWIEJSKI'S PROPOSED WATER PALACE FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF THE YEAR 1900.

architect of the grand theatre at Cracow, by which it is proposed to enhance the splendours of the intended Universal Exhibition of 1900, surpasses most other designs of decorative architecture contrived for the mere spectacle of a magnificent festivity. It is to be constructed of iron, and to be clothed with rushing water; indeed, the water is to form its inner walls, descending in vast sheets of unbroken liquid surface, which are completely to enclose the halls and chambers of the interior, and to form a majestic dome crowning the whole edifice. The total height will be one hundred metres, rivaling the loftiest buildings. This is divided horizontally into three storeys, the solid framework of which exhibits different architectural orders—the Tuscan, the Renaissance, and the Ionic styles, one above another. Visitors will have entrances quite free from danger of a wetting, and may ramble securely about the palace, take their seats in the theatre as spectators of the "Variétés," or avail themselves of the restaurant, or ride on bicycles, or join the dance at a ball. By the aid of lifts and staircases they can go anywhere, protected in some places by glass screens and roofs, where needful, from even a drop of water blown aside by disturbance of the air. The surrounding walls, however, illuminated with electric light in various changing colours, will probably be the chief attraction of this wonderful palace. Further details may be expected in the course of its erection.

PERSONAL.

The Lord Chief Justice, who has gone abroad for the holidays, loses an old friend and companion on many jaunts in Sir Frank Lockwood. Only last year, when the Lord Chief Justice went to the United States as the guest of the American Bar, Sir Frank Lockwood was his fellow-voyager; and the after-dinner speeches of Sir Frank were as highly considered in their way as in a graver fashion were the utterances of Lord Russell on the great matter of arbitration between nations.

Mr. Justice Bigham had a congratulatory dinner offered to him by the Northern Circuit on Saturday evening. Half a dozen Judges were of the company, and so was the Speaker of the House of Commons. Of Queen's Counsel a large number were present; also of juniors, to whom, no doubt, the new Judge particularly addressed his reminiscences of the start he made in Liverpool "in circumstances of no great encouragement, with few friends, little means, and no influence."

Mr. Archibald Hamilton, eldest son of Sir Edward Hamilton, was married last Saturday in St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, to Olga Mary Adelaide, only daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. FitzGeorge, and granddaughter of the Duke of Cambridge. The Duke, who had his other son, Colonel FitzGeorge, in waiting, was present at the ceremony, and another royalty was present in the person of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The Prince of Wales gave a gold chain-bracelet, studded with precious stones, to the bride, and the Duke and Duchess of York gave a lace fan with pearl sticks. Queen Olga of Greece, the bride's godmother, gave her a brooch in green enamel and diamonds.

The editor of the *Figaro*, M. Rodays, has temporarily retired from his post, because his attitude towards the Dreyfus case did not command public support. He cites the case of an English statesman who, finding that opinion was against him, withdrew for a while to his tent. The parallel is imaginary. M. Rodays is probably thinking of Mr. Gladstone, but Mr. Gladstone, when he retired in 1874, had been defeated at a General Election, and was for a time persuaded that his political career was over. If editors were to take their responsibilities after the manner of M. Rodays, there is not a single daily paper in London which would not, some time or other, be deprived of its chief. As M. Rodays adheres to the opinion he has expressed in the *Figaro* about the Dreyfus affair, he would have shown more courage by sticking to his post. His action looks like a forecast of the result of the pending military inquiry—with closed doors.

A delightful illustration of Afridi character is furnished by the statement that the tribesmen who are fighting Sir William Lockhart's force so pertinaciously have sent their women and children to Peshawar! So while the British troops are striving to dislodge them from their hills, their families are kindly provided for by

British philanthropy! This is benevolent, but it is not war. The Afridis still in our service fight against their compatriots with the utmost resolution, but take care to let their officers know what a high opinion they have of the enemy. Clearly, the campaign is regarded by the Afridis as a huge spree. There ought to be some means of appealing to a people who take life as a perpetual Donnybrook.

Dr. Parker is much agitated by a rumour that Cardinal Vaughan will be raised to the peerage. The congregation at the City Temple was favoured with a sketch of Dr. Parker's feelings supposing he were summoned to the House of Lords. From this it would appear that, in Dr. Parker's judgment, he has as good a claim to be a peer as Cardinal Vaughan. It is not probable that the Government will make the precedent of raising to the peerage the chief ecclesiastical representative of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, but the gaiety of the nation would certainly be enhanced if Dr. Parker received this distinction.

Mr. Walter Long has offered another explanation to indignant dog-owners. He has been asked to show why foxhounds and sporting dogs should go unmuzzled and not sheep-dogs. He replies that sheep-dogs are responsible for thirty per cent. of the cases of rabies, and that sporting dogs are under such strict control that they incur no risk of the disease. Needless to say, this has not conciliated the dog-owners who do not own packs of hounds. They cannot see that a pack in full cry across the country is under any stricter control than the ordinary dog who goes

for a walk with its master. But if packs were muzzled, what would the landed gentry say?

Captain Richard W. White, who has just taken over the command of H.M.S. *Vulcan*, torpedo depot-ship, commissioned for service in the Mediterranean, is a member of a well-known family of sailors. His grandfather, Captain, afterwards Admiral Thomas White, commanded the *Pelican* off St. Domingo in 1797, when that ship pursued the French privateer *Trompeur* and sank it after a hot engagement. Admiral Thomas White was also present on board the *Audacious* at the Battle of the Nile. Captain White's father, Admiral Richard Dunning White, has also seen a considerable amount of active service, both during the Russian War and also at the bombardment of St. Jeanne d'Acre. The newly appointed Captain of the *Vulcan* entered the Service at the age of thirteen as a midshipman on board the *Britannia*. He took up torpedo work and became First and Torpedo-Lieutenant of the *Polyphemus*, a ship designed on much the same lines as the *Nautilus*. In 1874, before going to the *Polyphemus*, Captain White had seen some active service in the Straits Settlements, when the *Charypdis* was employed to keep order on the coast of the Malay Peninsula. In 1884 he went to the Admiralty as Assistant-Director of Ordnance, and thence in 1888 passed on to the command of the *Porpoise*, stationed out in China. In 1892 he was appointed Commandant of the Naval Forces by the Victorian Government and spend three years in Australia. He returned home to take up work again at the Admiralty as Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence, and he gave substantial proof of his ability and knowledge of naval organisation on a recent occasion, when the sudden mobilisation of a fleet demonstrated to the whole world what England is ready to do with her Navy on an emergency.

The new Commander-in-Chief on the China Naval Station, Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, K.C.B., was born in 1840, was educated at Radley, and entered the Navy in 1852. He served as a midshipman in the *Terrible* in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, winning the Sebastopol clasp among other decorations. He was midshipman, too, on the *Caledonia*'s launch when it was sunk at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla in 1857. As Commander of the *Grouler*, in 1870, he rescued an English ship from pirates in the Congo River, and he wears the medal of the Royal Humane Society for having jumped overboard to save a drowning marine. His K.C.B. he got among Jubilee honours; he has been second in command of the Channel Squadron, and, until now, Admiral-Superintendent of the Naval Reserves.

Sir William Maxwell, Governor of the Gold Coast, has died at sea, off Grand Canary, on his way home. Still a comparatively young man, he has added another to the list of British victims of the West African climate, dreaded by most men, but not at all by him. The son of Sir Benson Maxwell, Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements, he was born in 1846, and entered early into Eastern life as advocate at Penang and Singapore, rising in 1874 to be a temporary Judge. A year later he went with a British force on the track of the murderers of our Resident at Penak, where he lingered as Assistant Resident. In 1881 he returned to England, was called to the Bar, and proceeded to Australia to report on the Torrens land registration system. Later he took important service in the Straits Settlements, and on the West Coast of Africa; and, after further experiences at Penang and elsewhere, he was sent as Governor to the Gold Coast in 1895. The downfall of Premph was followed by the elevation of the

Governor, who received his K.C.M.G., and who afterwards visited England and addressed large meetings on the development of our West African possessions.

A week or so ago Austria lost one of her naval heroes through the death of Baron Sterneck, Chief of the Austrian Navy. The Admiral was second in command under Tegethoff at the battle of Lissa in 1866, when, to the great surprise of Europe, the strong Italian squadron was completely defeated by an Austrian one which was in every way much weaker. The victory was a decisive one. Sterneck received the Order of Maria Theresa, which is given only to officers for deeds of valour in battle, and was created a Baron of the Empire. He was nearly seventy years of age at the time of his death.

The delightful romancer who is just lost to French literature has often been cited as a pupil of Dickens. There was a certain affinity of temperament between the two writers, but it is idle to talk of imitation on Daudet's

"Les Rois en Exil" is fine comedy, "L'Immortel" a bitter satire on the French Academy, and "La Petite Paroisse" a pathetic idyll. Daudet's range of literary art was very wide. He was a master of the short story, as the pages of "Les Femmes d'Artistes" amply testify. His greatest quality is charm, the charm of a beautiful and delicate fancy, and of a style of exquisite purity and colour.

Mr. T. B. Hardy, whose career as a painter we sketched last week, has transmitted not only to his son, Mr. Dudley Hardy, but also to more than one of his daughters, the artistic gifts by which he himself was distinguished.

Lieutenant George William Maxwell West was killed on Dec. 13, the last day's march down the Bara Valley, during the final rush of the enemy upon the rearguard of General Westmacott's brigade. Born in 1868, Maxwell West was educated at Clifton College, where he proved himself possessed of the essential qualities of a leader of men by becoming head of his house, a member of the

school football team, and head of the Rifle Corps. He passed high into Sandhurst, and got his commission in the Inniskilling Fusiliers in March 1889, becoming full Lieutenant in February 1891. He at once went to India and joined the Staff Corps, being appointed to the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Gurkhas. At the time of his death he was Officiating Adjutant and Station Staff Officer. He had, with his regiment, been unscathed through the thickest of the late Frontier Campaign, and his letters have been full of expressions of the warmest admiration for the pluck and endurance of the gallant little Gurkhas. He married in the autumn of 1895 Miss Katharine Gibson, and leaves a widow and one son. An excellent soldier, a keen sportsman, and a good comrade, he will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

General Sir Henry Lynedoch Gardiner, K.C.B., Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, died at his residence, Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park. Born in 1820, the son of General Sir Robert Gardiner, he entered the Army when he was seventeen, and saw his first service at Prescott, during the Canadian Rebellion. By the time he was a Lieutenant-Colonel he was in Central India, pursuing Tantia Topee. In 1869 he was made a Groom-in-Waiting, and an Extra-Equerry in 1872; afterwards discharging the double duties of both appointments in her Majesty's Household. In 1892 he was placed on the Retired List; and only a few days before his lamented death he celebrated the sixtieth year of his connection with the Queen's Army.

Mr. A. L. Foster, who died last week at Kingston-on-Thames, served for thirty years as Chief Superintendent of the City Police Force, ending his official career by retirement in 1892. Mr. Foster took a very earnest interest in temperance work, which he held to be as effectual against crime as any of his own, the successful temperance advocate preventing what the police at best could only attempt by punishment to cure.

Mr. Justice Grantham has been thrown into mourning by the death of his eldest daughter, which took place at Burcombe Place, near Lewes.

The amusements of the Metropolis will receive an important addition in Messrs. Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth," which is to open at Olympia on Boxing Day. The energetic proprietors announce in characteristic phrase that they have come to stay, and that it is their desire to make the show an English as well as an American institution. As their "true intent" promises to be "all for the delight" of sightseers, they will doubtless make firm friends with the London public before Boxing Day has gone over to the majority of concluded festivals.



Photo J. O'Shaughnessy, Melbourne.
CAPTAIN RICHARD WHITE, R.N.



Photo Mauit and Fox.
ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.,
New Commander-in-Chief on the China Station.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM E. MAXWELL,
Governor of the Gold Coast.



Photo Augerer, Vienna.
THE LATE ADMIRAL BARON STERNECK.



Photo Benque, Paris.
THE LATE ALPHONSE DAUDET.



Photo Disraeli.
THE LATE MR. T. BUSH HARDY.



Photo Thomson.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR H. LYNEDOCH GARDINER, K.C.B.



Photo Lawrie, Lucknow.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT GEORGE MAXWELL WEST.



Photo Frajelle and Young.
THE LATE SUPERINTENDENT FOSTER.

part. Readers of "Le Nabab" must have been reminded by the household of Joyeuse of R. Wilfer and his family in "Our Mutual Friend." In the unhappy childhood of the boy in "Jack" there is a faint suggestion of "David Copperfield." But Daudet owed nothing to his great English predecessor. His most powerful novels, "Fromont Jeune et Rissler Aine" and "Sapho," have no models. They are the fruit of original observation, and that kind of observation which, especially in "Sapho," is most remote from English methods. Daudet once said that he had invented nothing. Every character, every detail, was drawn from his note-book. Such a statement must not be taken too literally. There can be no question that the personages in "Le Nabab" were drawn from life. Mora, for example, being a finished portrait of the Duc de Morny, half-brother of Napoleon III., and Daudet's earliest patron in the social world of Paris. Daudet always denied that the flamboyant hero of "Numa Roumestan" was Gambetta, but the denial reminds us of Dickens's efforts to persuade himself that in drawing Harold Skimpole he never thought of Leigh Hunt. Tartarin, however, is a pure creation, the diverting embodiment of the Gascon temperament, a piece of buoyant innocent humour which has no parallel in modern French fiction.

THE LATE SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

WITH SKETCHES FROM HIS NOTEBOOK.

The death of Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., which took place on Sunday afternoon at his house in Lennox Gardens, was very sudden at the last. But he had been ill for some months, seriously so for the last weeks, and when influenza came as a complication a few days before the end, the gravest anxiety was felt by his many friends. No bulletins or rumours of alarm were issued to the public, however; and therefore the announcement of his death, made in Monday morning's papers, came to the majority of readers with the additional shock of a painful surprise. Sir Frank Lockwood was one of the most popular men at the Bar, where unfailing good-humour is a sure passport to the hearts of all parties concerned, from the Judge on the Bench to the briefless junior and the jury, and even at times to the litigant on the other side. The very appearance of the great Yorkshireman, standing over six feet in his socks, and looking every inch the sportsman he was, gained the goodwill of juries, especially of Northern juries, and made Sir Frank, as an advocate, the first object of every litigant's desire.

Born in 1846, the future pleader was first educated at the Grammar School in Manchester, a city in which his father was a man of business. Later, the boy, who had natural ability but no great qualities as a student, went to Caius College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished, at any rate, by rowing in his college boat. Coming to London after taking his degree, he read law with Mr. J. W. Mellor, Q.C., late Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1872. Success came to him on the North-Eastern Circuit with unusual rapidity; and no accused criminal felt himself quite fortunate at the Leeds Assizes who had not Mr. Lockwood for the defence. In 1882 he took silk, and after that date began his principal practice in the London Courts. Two years later he became Recorder of Sheffield, and so remained for ten years.

Politics enter into the legal career as into that of no other of the learned professions; and Sir Frank, after unsuccessfully contesting King's Lynn in 1880, and York in 1882, was returned in 1885 for that city. In 1894 he was appointed by Lord Rosebery to be Solicitor-General, no opposition being offered to his re-election at York. Indeed, though an attached Liberal, he was so little of a bitter partisan that his name was mentioned among



PLOOTT

IN THE PARNELL COMMISSION COURT.

those of possible Speakers on the retirement of Lord Peel. His Solicitor-Generalship, though it lasted only a year, carried with it a knighthood, and proved Sir Frank to be the possessor of qualities that promised well for his able discharge of any higher posts which, had he lived, must undoubtedly have fallen to his share.

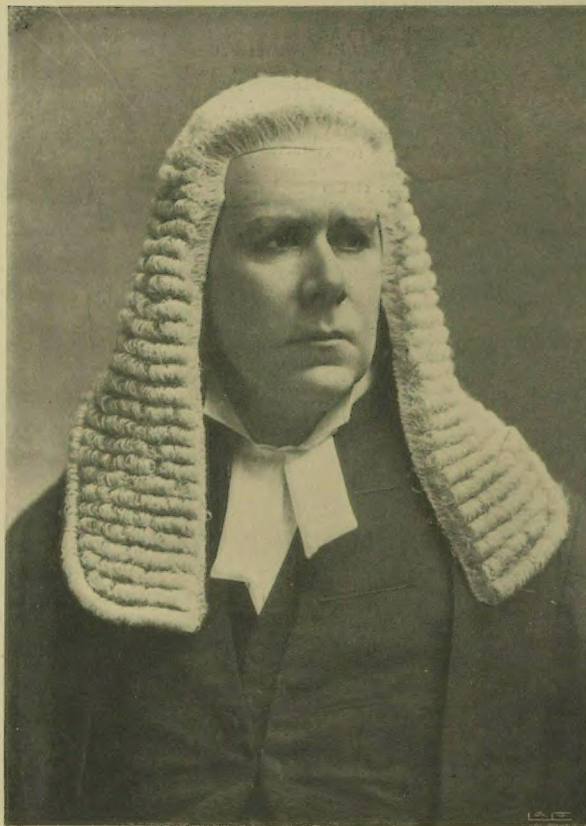


PHOTO TAKEN AT HIS HOME, LENNOX GARDENS.

THE LATE SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.

As a Parliamentarian, Sir Frank Lockwood was not a conspicuous success. Politics had no serious interest for him; but in certain lines of forensic advocacy he was



A WITNESS AT THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

almost unrivalled, and his unfailing wit and good nature endeared him to all parties. He once began cross-examining a lady with a few irrelevant questions to put her off her guard. This would have been very well if,

like most witnesses, she had meekly submitted, but she upset everything with "Don't you think that is a very silly question, Sir Frank?" "Upon my word," he replied, "I think it is." In a breach of promise case he once rallied the jury with "You, gentlemen, cannot seriously think that this charming lady's matrimonial prospects are for ever blighted. Surely not one of you could be ungallant enough, if single, to be averse to the acquaintance of so attractive a lady. I myself am no longer available, but you—!"

Sir Frank Lockwood certainly possessed in a very rare degree the art of putting a jury into a good temper and keeping it in that much-to-be-desired condition. This art undoubtedly counted for much in his successful career, enabling him, as it did, to claim and keep a jury's attention in the interests of his client of the moment to an extent quite beyond the reach of far greater lawyers, past or present.

The lighter accomplishments of Sir Frank Lockwood included those of a capable amateur actor and a draughtsman of humour and spirit. His burlesque drawings in court had become almost a feature of the cases in which he was engaged. They circulated along the rows of counsel, were often elevated to the Bench, and sometimes surreptitiously traversed the jury-box, a smile going all the way with them. In the Tichborne case, of which he was a briefless spectator, he made the first caricatures that brought him private fame in the profession; and the habit was continued till the days of the Parnell Commission, in which he held a brief, and wielded besides an industrious pencil. His proficiency was such that, on several occasions, drawings of Sir Frank were welcomed to *Punch* by his friend Mr. Burnand; and he it was who illustrated the little volume of legal skits, "Scintillæ Juris," which owed its literary authorship to Mr. Justice Darling.

Sir Frank Lockwood could himself put pen to paper as a writer with very good effect, to the extent, at any rate, of a letter to the papers. When an outcry was raised some years ago against the license of counsel in examining witnesses, Sir Frank wrote



MAJOR LE CARON

IN THE PARNELL COMMISSION COURT.

a plea for the better protection of counsel against witnesses, by whom he, for one, had been rallied. When he once complained in the Courts of a descent of cold air on his head (his hair had whitened early, by the way), the retort was given him, "I thought you were nothing if not a draughtsman." That would have been a neater retort had it been a truer one. Sir Frank's own jokes, especially in Court, were not always models; but his real wit was apparent enough when, for instance, he dined out and followed a Scottish gentleman who had given him territorial name to the servant to announce—"MacLuchie and Mrs. Gordon"—and at once followed suit himself with "No. 26, Lennox Gardens and Lady Lockwood." Sir Frank, who married, in 1874, Julia, daughter of the late Mr. Salis Schwabe, of Manchester, leaves a widow and two daughters to lament his loss.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



QUESTION: Were you at a house in the Strand?
ANSWER: I was picking up sea-weed there.



A CHARACTER SKETCH.



THE great, fertile, and populous realm of Loegria is not a kingdom, but a queendom; that is to say, it is always governed by a woman. This is because the so-called Silic Law holds in Loegria. This law requires the succession to the crown to pass through females to females, and excludes males. Consequently, the son of the Queen does not ascend the throne on her death, but the daughter mounts it, and the Prince is married off with a portion to some neighbouring potentate's daughter.

At the time of this history, the Queen of Loegria was Euphrasia. She was even liked by those about her person constantly; she was loved by those who saw her occasionally; and the bulk of her subjects adored her image on the current coin of the realm.

Queen Euphrasia had two children—a son, Prince Floribel, and a daughter, two years younger, the Princess Coeca. According to Silic Law, the Princess was predestined to succeed her mother. But three years after her birth a great affliction fell on her. She became blind; and by the Silic Law this would prevent her attainment of the crown, for the sovereign was required to be sound in body as in mind. In the event of the Princess remaining blind, the succession would pass, after the death of the Queen, to her sister, Pomarea, the widow of the King of Limonia, the adjoining realm. It was suspected by some, believed and insisted on by others, that Queen Pomarea had procured from a bad fairy that a spell should be cast on her niece, afflicting her with blindness, to prevent her

from ever obtaining the crown of Loegria, in the hopes of uniting under her own sceptre the two contiguous realms.

It was the custom in Loegria for the Queen to be given a husband. A respectable, amiably disposed man was chosen for the purpose from among the dethroned sovereigns in the world, who were shelved. Such a man was always revaccinated before his marriage ceremony, his nails cut, and his moustache waxed, and he was given the title of Serene Highness, and went by the familiar name of "the Hubby." So as not to offend the realm which had ejected him, he was allowed no place in the government or command in the army. After the Hubbies had been consorts for a while, and the Queen was blessed with a daughter, they were no longer needed; and, as a relief to the finances, were destroyed by the application of a drop of nicotine on the tongue.

In this way, after the birth of Princess Coeca, the father of Floribel and Coeca had been destroyed. It was afterwards regretted, when Coeca lost her sight and with it her eligibility to the throne. Prince Floribel and Princess

Coeca loved each other tenderly. At first he thought nothing of the infirmity of his sister, as he was but a child, and a child is inconsiderate.

But as he grew older, he began to consider how great was her privation. Coeca had large, soft, beautiful brown eyes, but there was no light in them. In the depths it was as though something intervened that was impenetrable. Floribel could not see her happy, innocent soul look out through these windows.

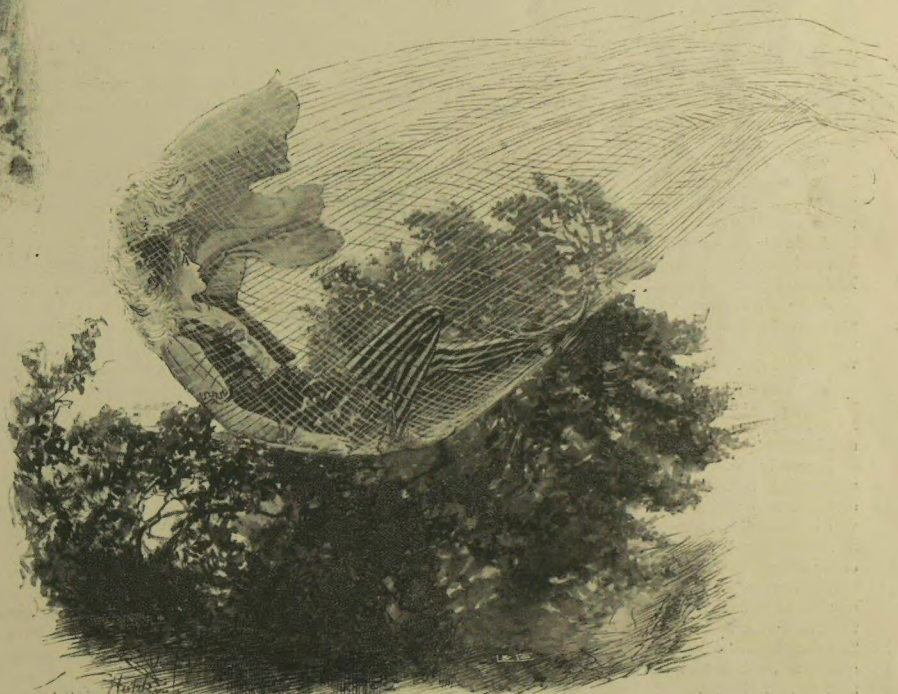
As to her blindness being a bar to the crown, of that he did not think.

One day he went to the Queen.

He told his mother that he could not be at ease so long as Coeca remained blind. He asked her if there were any means whereby her sight might be restored.

Euphrasia answered, weeping, that she had consulted the physicians, who had recommended various pills, and she had administered these pills for an entire year to her daughter, and with them had made her seriously ill. Then she consulted the apothecaries, who had advised her to cover the face of the Princess with plaster, to shave her head, and plaster that as well. This she had not liked to do lest it should permanently disfigure Coeca, and disfigurement would as certainly incapacitate her for mounting the throne as would blindness.

Then she had consulted the quacks, who had sold her electrical toe-rings to draw the



The web enveloped him, and he was carried off his feet and wafted to the clouds.

irritation away from the eyes, or to establish a therapeutic current. But although this treatment had been expensive, and had necessitated the addition of a penny in the pound to the income-tax, it had availed nothing. As a last resource, she had appealed to Coeca's fairy godmother, and this fairy had informed her that nothing could recover the Princess of her blindness save a drop of the Water of Light.

"And where is this water?" inquired the Prince.

"It springs out of a glacier among the Mountains of the Moon," replied his mother.

"I will go for it," said he.

"There are dangers in the way," remarked Euphrasia.

"I contemn them," answered Floribel.

"You have not yet ascertained what they are," said the Queen sharply.

"What are they?" asked the Prince.

"This is like you men," said she. "First you say you despise the dangers, and then inquire what they may be. I esteem the wisdom of the ancients of Loegria, who established in the realm the Silic Law."

After a pause the Queen said, "You must go to the fairy godmother, and inquire of her. Follow this."

She plucked a hair from her head, blew it away, and said: "That will lead you to Coeca's godmother. Go after it at once."

As the hair sailed out of the window in a current of air, Floribel leaped forth after it, and pursued where the hair drifted.

It led him through the country of Limonia, but his aunt, Queen Pomarea, did not stay him, for the news of the purport of his journey had not reached her. The wind at the time was blowing from Limonia to Loegria, and so it carried all the little-tattle of the former realm to the latter. Had it been contrary, the Queen of Limonia would have known about the intention of Floribel, and have intercepted his journey.

Now it was a remarkable fact that the hair of Queen Euphrasia travelled, as do thunderstorms, against the wind.

Prince Floribel went a day's journey in the country beyond Limonia. He was much struck with the quantities of gossamer that hung to the hedges and was spangled with dew. But he would not have delayed to investigate it had not his mother's hair lodged in a web. Then he put his finger to it, to dislodge the guiding hair. Instantly the web was inflated by the wind, and before he could recover from his surprise, it had enveloped him, and he was carried off his feet and wafted to the clouds.

He was so frightened that for a moment he lost consciousness, and when he recovered it he found himself in the Fairy World, and a kind old fairy stood before him.

She smiled, held out her hand to him, and said—

"I am Coeca's godmother. Here in the Fairy World we also obey the Silie Law, and make the males do menial work. We are the governing power, executive and administrative. I will do for you what I can, for your purposes is good. You shall visit the Mountains of the Moon. I cannot greatly assist you, but I will give you three things that may be serviceable to you—a pin-tray, your mother's hair after I have manipulated it, and a bit of advice."

The Prince expressed his most profound thankfulness. He was extremely well educated. Actually, he did not think the pin-tray or the advice worth much, and his mother's hair he had already.

The fairy then handed him a little sandalwood tray. Then she took his mother's hair and stroked it, and lo! it grew long, and even longer, and she twisted and reeled it off on a spindle. And she said, "Never ask for more than the least you require."

Then the Prince inquired the use of the pin-tray, and she said, "When you require a boat, step into it. As to the hair, look!" She cast an end before her, and the spindle began to unwind rapidly, as the end of the hair flew away, till no more than one extremity remained, fast to a notch in the spindle-wood.

"There!" said she. "Follow the guiding line; lay hold of the end and wind as you go along, and unwind as you come back. Going, it will lead you aright; returning, it will restrain you."

Again the Prince started. The gossamer sail enveloped him and wafted him down to the land below; yet always he held the spindle and wound at the hair.

As he set his feet on earth, he observed a rusty, dirty crowbar, that had been used by labourers or quarrymen or masons, who were out on strike and had neglected this useful tool and left it to be rust-eaten.

The Prince was indignant that so valuable an implement should be thus disregarded, and, picking it up, with sand he rubbed it clean. Then he laid it on his shoulder, and still holding and winding the hair, he went forward.

Presently he arrived at a new and stately palace, as yet unoccupied, that had been erected by a distinguished architect who prided himself on his originality. But it was inconvenient in several ways. It was two hundred and fifteen feet long and only twelve feet wide, exclusive of the offices. All the windows looked north.

The sun, which is so lavish of its light, could not by any means shine into the apartments, and was constrained to envelop the back premises only in its golden beams. The state halls and reception-rooms were superbly painted, gilded, and upholstered, but their beauties were imperfectly seen by lack of light.

The sun was under a compact to rise in the east and to set in the west, and, desire as he did to illumine the apartments, he could not do so. He went as far E.N.E. as his conscience would allow him in rising, but no further. To rise N.N.E. would have been immoral. He could not do it.

The house, moreover, was unhappy because it could not make display of its splendours, and it had been twisting and straining to get round, so that cracks had opened in it which the architect called settlements.

The Prince, who had a tender and sympathetic heart, pitied both the sun, which desired to do a kind thing, and the house, condemned to be without sunshine in its rooms. If the workmen had not been all on strike, he would have summoned them, and with the assistance of cranes and levers and jacks, would have shifted the house round. But as the workmen were unavailable, he said, "Even with a crowbar and my two arms I may achieve something."

There were some logs lying about. So the Prince set to work, dug under the foundations, and kicked the

rollers in as he raised the house ends with the crowbar acting as a lever. Archimedes said that he could shift the position of the world with one if he could find a fulcrum, and the Prince managed to turn the house a point from the north. Then he shifted the rollers, and again applied the bar, and met with further success.

He toiled on energetically, never doing very much each time, but something, and every point gained was something. He did not cease from his labours till he had completely turned the house about, so that the face was presented to the sun, and the back premises were left in shade.

Then Floribel knocked away the rollers, and the house settled down on its foundations and the cracks closed. Just as the Prince was about to leave, he noticed a lanky ivy plant in a pot in one of the windows. This plant had been neglected, and its roots had filled the pot and consumed the soil. It had consequently become feeble and sickly in colour.

Prince Floribel pitied the poor plant, and removed it from the pot, and planted it in rich soil against the palace.

As he was thus engaged, he heard a sighing and a sobbing proceeding from the palace. The state apartments, instead of being filled with joy, were lamenting. They had thought themselves so splendid in their velvet upholstery and gilding that the sun would make them superlatively resplendent, but instead of that it revealed dust, cobwebs, moth-holes, and mildew.

The sobbing was produced by humbled pride. Floribel stood amazed. Then he heard the rooms say in muffled tones, "If we can help you with our former gloom—that is now superfluous, command us."

He saw that the leaves of the ivy were glistening and dripping—it was with tears of gratitude, because it had space in which to expand its roots. And it said, "I also, if I can, will help you." "And I," said the sun, "will give you my light, for you have enabled me to look into the state apartments, and I hated to be excluded—I—the king of luminaries."

The Prince pursued his way, winding the hair on the spindle as he went on. After a long march over a barren limestone plateau he came to the edge of a chasm one thousand feet deep, at the bottom of which rolled the River of Light.

Up this river he must travel to the source. He clambered cautiously down the precipice, clinging to bushes. At the bottom of the ravine the vegetation was luxuriant. The river was beautiful, and flashed like diamonds.

Now Floribel placed his pin-tray in the water, stepped into it, and it expanded into a boat. He took a pole and punted.

The stream ran strong and in places rushed in rapids. Floribel alternately punted and wound the hair, and with great labour advanced against the current. He was obliged to guide the little barque in its course to avoid rocks. It took Floribel the entire day to ascend the river.

At last he saw the glacier of the moon shining before him, halfway up the heavens, and seeming to be sliding out of the sky. The sun was setting, and its red rays lit the glacier-head. Below in the gorge all was dark save the River of Light. That emitted a bluish gleam, like the lantern of the glowworm; for it required the sunlight to make it dazzle like diamonds.

From the glacier fell a waterfall, that broke into drops of light. By a bold stroke Floribel brought his boat under the pearly rain and caught a drop in the palm of his left hand.

Then he knew that he had got what he wanted, and he turned the head of the boat and shot down the river. It was night now, and he could see nothing of the mighty cliffs on each side. He saw only the bluish flashes of the river, and overhead a strip of sky, in which the stars twinkled. He could use one hand only, for he was obliged to hold the left palm turned upwards, with the drop of the Water of Light in it.

As he proceeded, with the spindle under his arm rapidly unreeing, he found his difficulties increase. The Water of Light was deceptive. It was luminous on the surface only, and so concealed the rocks over which it flowed, and Floribel could neither distinguish where to strike his pole nor what to avoid.

Then he wished it were day, and that the sun shone. But he checked the thought, remembering the advice of the fairy, and desired to have only sufficient sunlight to illumine the drop in his hand, so as to serve him as a lamp. Hardly had he framed this wish, before a ray of sunlight, that had lost its way or had loitered after the set of day, fell and filled the Prince's open palm, illuminating the drop of water and making it blaze.

Floribel held his hand above his eyes, and the light flowed over the river and penetrated to its profoundest depths. It cast fantastic shadows from the palm and elm trees on the banks upon the precipitous crags on each side.

Thus the Prince travelled on, checking his descent by means of the thread of hair, which he allowed to unwind only cautiously as he went down the stream.

He looked in vain for the spot where he had descended from the plateau above. He did not know where to arrest his course nor whither flowed the River of Light.

Presently he was alarmed to hear a thundering sound, which he did not remember to have noticed before. It was the roar of a mighty waterfall. The thunder of falling

water became momentarily louder and more deafening, and in his agitation the Prince let slip the spindle with the reeled hair. There was now no check on his descent. The river ran with great rapidity; it became like a mill-race. Now he saw before him a vast cavern, and into this the river plunged and disappeared.

His heart stood still, and he so trembled that the shining drop in his hand danced and almost fell.

Would the boat and he be engulfed in the yawning abyss? Oh! that some mighty tree flung its branches across the river, that he might cling to it, and be saved! But no, an ivy-lace would suffice, thought he. Instantly he saw a frail streamer of ivy hanging down the cliff, wavering in the draught from the river as it leaped into the jaws of the earth. Floribel caught it with his right hand, just in time, clung to it, and his boat shot from under his feet, went on the edge, and disappeared in the hideous chasm.

Holding to the ivy, Floribel climbed. He could use but one hand, so that his ascent was painful and slow. However, he persevered, and after two hours reached the summit of the precipice, and was once again on the limestone plateau.

He knew his direction, for he had learned astronomy, and he took his course by the Polar star.

After he had been many hours walking, the sun rose, and he recognised that he was approaching the confines of Limonia. It would not do for him to enter his aunt's territories with the drop of water in his hand by means of which he hoped to destroy the prospect of Pomarea's succession to the crown of Loegria. He would be arrested at the frontier and be deprived of the precious drop. It would be well were some of the old disused gloom of the palace to envelop and conceal him. Yet no; that would be exacting too much: he needed sufficient only to obscure the drop of the Water of Light that he held aloft.

Instantly what he desired took place. A shade fell and quenched the brilliancy of the drop. It seemed to everyone who encountered him that he held nothing.

When he left Limonia, great was the merriment provoked. The custom-house officers reported to the Queen that her nephew had arrived empty-handed.

The Queen said, "I thought it would be so. He has either failed to catch a drop from the source, or else, if he caught one, he has spilt it by the way. Let him pass through my lands—he is innocuous."

So Floribel traversed the kingdom of Limonia unmolested, but exposed to the mockery of rude boys.

When the Prince arrived in Loegria, he hastened at once to his sister's room in the palace, and found her there at a window, expecting his return; but being blind, she sat with her back to the prospect and her face to the wall.

Floribel did not speak, but running to her dashed the water in her eyes. At once, with a cry as of pain, she sprang to her feet—she saw!

I need not declare the happiness of Floribel, nor how full of wonder was Coeca at all she saw, nor how glad was the Queen-mother, nor how great were the rejoicings of the people, nor how exceeding was the vexation of Pomarea.

All at once the fairy godmother appeared, and said, "You have done well in fulfilling what I advised. Had you not done so, you would not have returned. When you found the masons on strike, you would have liked to call them together and set them to work to alter the aspect of the palace. But you contented yourself with doing what you could with the crowbar. Had you summoned the men, then the ingenious architect, to show his originality, would have interfered and inverted the palace, making of the floor a roof, and the chimneys he would have converted into cellar stairs. You would not have enjoyed the gratitude of the house nor of the solar orb. You helped the poor ivy, and in time of necessity the ivy assisted you. When you half desired that the sun should shine on you, had you fully wished it, you would have been so enveloped in dazzling light as not to see the river and the rocks. But you wished for light in sufficient, but no more. When about to be engulfed, you were inclined to wish for a tree-bough to which to cling. Happily for you, you did not do so, but desired only a strand of ivy. A branch would have saved you from plunging into the abyss, but would have in no way assisted you to reach the summit of the precipitous crags. You would have held to the bough, and remained on it till your powers failed, and you would have dropped into the water and perished miserably. When you reached Limonia, you were disposed to desire to be enveloped in the gloom of the mansion you had turned about; fortunately for you, you corrected the wish into one more moderate. Had you desired to be cloaked in darkness, you would have passed through Limonia as a column of blackness, and have been a general object of wonder and alarm. Some would have thrust at you with pikes; others, conceiving you to be a water-spout, would have discharged cannons at you, to dissolve you. And now, in conclusion, my dear Floribel, I put the crowbar at your disposal. Hard and steady as it may seem, it is not insensible, and it is grateful for what you did to it. Behave to men as you have to the crowbar: however rugged and rusty they may be, behave to them with consideration and

respect, as useful in their spheres, and you will never regret it. Moreover, I recommend you to retain this crowbar as long as the strike lasts, and this will, presumably, last till trade is driven out of the country. Finding nobody to do what you want for you—learn to do it yourself; live to be independent."

The Prince thanked the fairy, and asked if he might open his heart to her by propounding another question. She assented.

Then he informed her that the sour, envious, and resentful temper of his aunt was very distressing to him, and he ventured to inquire whether the crowbar could be used as a moral as well as a physical agent.

"Most assuredly," replied the fairy. "You saw yourself what a transformation it effected in the palace. Try it, by all means, on Queen Pomarea. You can hardly employ the crowbar to a better purpose."

Accordingly, Prince Floribel, having disguised himself, found access to the royal residence of Limonia, and there laboured with the crowbar to change the aspect of his aunt. Hitherto she had looked persistently north at Loegria with an ambitious and malevolent eye. But by sedulous application of the crowbar as a lever to the throne, Floribel succeeded in turning it about, point by point, with his aunt

a dozen or more carefully written notices, some showing a truly appreciative spirit of the poet, though, perhaps, not dealing with him quite as critically as a prose writer; in nearly every instance Heine's father received not a tithe of the attention his mother commanded.

I have noticed lately the same disproportion on the part of exceedingly able men when dealing with Goethe, Tennyson, Bismarck, Manning, and others, who, to use the words of Carlyle, "are profitable company." Nay, on the occasion of the publication of Jane Wordsworth's "Journal," a daily contemporary, whose endeavours rightly to educate the masses in literature cannot be too highly commended, suggested that someone should undertake the writing of a volume dealing with the sisters of great men. A truly welcome suggestion. The hint, though not a common one, is not altogether new. I have, to my recollection, never seen a similar hint with regard to the brothers of great men.

This would seem to argue that the mankind of those who did something worth remembering by posterity were not so attractive, from a purely biographical view, as their womankind; and there is probably a sound substratum of

for him such as befell to Samuel. I have considerable misgivings as to the truth of the argument. Frau Bismarck had no illusions with regard to her other son, but she distinctly wished her Otto to be a diplomatist. Otto's father, an honest, sturdy, country gentleman, only seemed anxious that his son should become a good horseman and fair sportsman. Beyond this he did not worry himself much about the future.

To come back to Heine, whose father's mind appears to have been a similar blank with regard to his son's ultimate glory, I have some notes by me which, as far as I know, have never been published in book form. I gathered them here and there from German periodicals. Cunningly dovetailed, they would make the most delightful portrait ever penned by an affectionate son. Heine's ruling passion—irony—is, however, as patent in these as in everything he wrote, and it does not require much penetration to discover that, according to Heine himself, his father was not the intellectual equal of his mother. "He was very good-looking," says the poet. "Among my grandmother's six children there were only two who inherited her exceptional beauty: my father and my uncle Salomon, the head of the banking house of that name at Hamburg."



The Prince found her there at the window, expecting his return; but, being blind, she sat with her back to the prospect and her face to the wall.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

upon it, on rollers, till it finally faced south. Then the sun streamed into the recesses of Queen Pomarea's heart, and showed her all the mean and covetous and spiteful thoughts it had harboured. Then, for very shame, she cried, and her tears carried away every soil, and left her heart to be filled with light and love and regard for the Queen, her sister, for Coeca, and for Prince Floribel.

THE END.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I was aware that many people whose chief literary recreation is the perusal of biographies, although they would not absolutely claim to be biographical students, are apt to take more interest in the mothers than in the fathers of great men. I was, however, ignorant that the tendency existed to a considerable extent among those who do not absolutely read for the sole purpose of recreation. The hundredth anniversary of Henri Heine's birth, which I allowed to pass without commenting upon it in these columns, because, to tell the truth, it had slipped my memory in the stress of some urgent business that compelled me to go to Paris, has reminded me more strongly than ever of this tendency. I skimmed at least

truth in this suggestion. Of course there are exceptions, as in the case of Charlotte Brontë, Alfred de Musset, and others; but who, after all, remembers Bismarck's brother? while everyone acquainted with the particulars of his life remembers his sister Malvina. The brothers of the great Napoleon would have been completely forgotten but for their being rescued from obscurity, perhaps not altogether undeserved, by Napoleon himself. With the exception of Lucien they were all ordinary men, owing such prominence as they commanded to their brother. Curiously enough, though neither Caroline, Elisa, nor Pauline Bonaparte ever did anything great or approaching to greatness, their doings are very familiar to us. Porson's father does not appear to have had the faintest conception that his son had the making of one of the greatest scholars of all time in him. When he took little Richard to school he said to the master, "I have brought my boy Richard to you, and just want him to make (*sic*) his own name, and then I shall take him into the loom." The worthy man's idea of his son's future career was confined to the loom.

There is not the slightest doubt that neither Goethe's father nor Bismarck's had the least presentiment of their offspring being destined to be world-famed; but their mothers had. It has been argued over and over again that nearly every mother has the instinct of a Hannah, and unless her lad be a downright idiot, foresees a career

And then he proceeds to sketch the particular nature of his father's beauty and to institute comparisons between it and that of his uncle, to the disadvantage unquestionably of the former. I never saw Heine in the flesh, but in the course of many years a number of his portraits have come under my notice. To judge from them, I should say that Heine himself, although not good-looking, resembled his father more than he did his mother. There is a lack of strength in his features which, if the portrait of his sire from his pen be correct, is distinctly an inheritance. Great as was the mind, it was not what we should term a strong mind. Was Heine himself aware of this? I should not be surprised that he was thus cognisant of his moral weakness. His marriage, if nothing else, must have opened his eyes to that effect. And Heine seems to resent his own weakness in that of his father. "My father's good looks had something too sweet in them—almost effeminate sweetness. There was nothing virile or energetic about them." Elsewhere Heine compares his father to a minor Brummel, and without the starched cravat. He almost plainly says that, though in the service of Ernest Duke of Cumberland, his father's functions, nominally those of a chief of the commissariat, were practically to amuse; and the son certainly did not understand the art of amusing exalted and princely personages by mere nothings. That, perhaps, was also weakness.



CHRISTMAS AT KLONDIKE.

Drawn by W. H. O'Connell.



WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

Drawn by A. Forester.

LITERATURE.

TWO ANTHOLOGIES OF ENGLISH VERSE.

English Lyrics: Chaucer to Poe. Selected and arranged by William Ernest Henley. (Methuen and Co.)

Love's Fare of the Mind. A Choice among the Best Poems, made by Alice Meynell. (Grant Richards.)

Anthologies of English poetry follow one upon another in swift succession. Among the most recent are those of Mr. Quiller Couch (Surrey to Shirley), Mr. Churton Collins, Dr. Carpenter (Skelton to Dryden), Professor Schelling (the "Paradise of Dainty Devices" to the death of John Fletcher). Mr. Beeching's "A Paradise of English Poetry" lies not far behind in date, and now we receive a gift from Mr. Henley and a gift from Mrs. Meynell.

For the student of Elizabethan poetry the most valuable is Professor Schelling's "A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics," provided, as it is, with a scholarly study of the subject and a body of careful notes. For the lover of English poetry from Chaucer to Beldoes, Mr. Henley's "English Lyrics," though marred by some textual errors, will remain a possession of permanent value. Its speciality is not what Mr. Henley points out, that it includes "examples of certain old-world Scots" and lyrical passages from the Authorised Version of the Bible—Goldsmith, in his "Art of Poetry," printed the Song of Moses as his first example of the greater ode—but that from first to last the editor shows the advantage which he possesses in ample knowledge and a most generous delight in beauty.

Among the anthologists was Hazlitt. His volume of 1825 is well known; that of 1824, which included the work of poets then living, was suppressed in consequence of its infringement of copyright, and is now of extreme rarity. Following his predecessor, Knox, whose "Elegant Extracts" was the "Golden Treasury" of our ancestors, Hazlitt endeavoured to effect improvements by a happier selection and a chronological arrangement. Mr. Palgrave, fearing the onesidedness which must beset individual decisions, called in the aid of friends, of whom Tennyson was one. He declares that he found the verdict of popular fame more just than those have thought it to be who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on poetry to the selected few. "There has not been," wrote Archbishop Trench in the preface to his "Household Book of English Poetry," "any attempt to reverse the general judgments and decision about the great poems of the language. He who should offer to do this would merely betray his own presumption, and his unfitness for even so humble a task as that here attempted."

Mrs. Meynell is more courageous. Her ambition is to exclude from her volume all that is not of the best. A mind of exceptional clarity, which has been formed for decision by the wisdom of many instructors, decides on its own authority, and in doing so there is no risk of onesidedness, there is "no spirit of arrogance, or of caprice, of diffidence or doubt." Gray's "Elegy" is excluded as at the head of everything which fails to attain supreme excellence. Mrs. Meynell's judgment agrees with that of Hazlitt, who wrote: "Gray aims at the highest things; and if he fails, it is only by a hair's-breadth." There is no disputing with an editor who decides with authority and looses or binds with an "absolute shall," in which there is neither arrogance nor caprice, nor diffidence nor doubt. Such a state of mind is to be envied, not rebuked. Admirable company—gallant Colonel Lovelace, amorously-suspecting Crashaw, even Milton (though his Italian in "Il Penseroso" is faulty)—surround the table; and if Collins and Gray were not invited, the discountenanced poets may dine, we suppose, with Thomson and Johnson at an ordinary.

Fine and dainty critical comments will be found in Mrs. Meynell's notes. Her defence of Crashaw's "fair and fragrant things" (she rightly refuses to accept the reading "fragrant") is a characteristic example of her charities—or, as she would say, acts of justice—to the poets of her favourite seventeenth century. But why is the eighteenth century to be censured with such a pretty absoluteness for its phrase "the maddled land"?—maddled is a vile word, "coined by the noble rage of the last century." On the contrary, the poor word is Elizabethan, used certainly by Sidney, and probably by many another of his contemporaries. And why is Cowley credited with being the writer who first used, or first conspicuously used, the univided Alexandrine? The statement has the air of a discovery, but it is entirely without foundation in fact.

Mrs. Meynell warns the reader against the text "I wished to share the rapture" in Wordsworth's sonnet "Surprised by joy." A glance at the history of Wordsworth's text would have enabled her to applaud the poet for his own admirable emendation. In the sonnet "It is a beautiful evening," the personification of the Sun ("his tranquillity") is without authority. The line (p. 230) "For dearly must we prize thee; we do find," is also an error; "we who find" is the true reading. "Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks" was written by Wordsworth, but his ripper thought condemned his early use of "frame" in this sense, and the word was removed from this and several other passages. The childless Timothy of Wordsworth had a wife whose name was a rustic "Ellen," not "Helen" (p. 245). The great sonnet, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture," is given in a form which Wordsworth rightly condemned; doubtless his fine ear could not rest satisfied with five successive lines which repeat the vowel "e" in the rhyme. The text of "Tis said that some have died for love" is good as given by Mrs. Meynell, but is better, perhaps one may venture to say, as Wordsworth finally determined it. Textual criticism of a like kind applies to other poems in this volume. In the last line of Lodge's "Love in my bosom" the "will ye?" of stanza i. is varied to "Whist, wanton, still ye!" In "Like to the clear" "Resembling heaven" should be "Refining heaven." The last lines of Donne's "The Funeral" are injured by a past tense "twas" substituted for the more vivid "tis," and other emendations are required in earlier lines. "Door" for "deer," in Spenser's "Epithalamion" (p. 5), makes nonsense and spoils a rhyme. "Earthly bowers" (p. 50) should be "earthy." Read "when He come" (p. 132) rhyming with "home." Coleridge wrote "Life's a

warning" (p. 257), not "Life's forewarning." Lander wrote "None was worth my strife" (p. 281)—a single combat—not "were."

These are small matters, which in lyrical poems are not small. If Mrs. Meynell will pay tithe of cummin and anise faithfully, she will increase our confidence in her judgments as to weightier matters of the law, and a book fitted to give delight will become more delightful.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

COUNTRY BOOKS.

Hunting and Practical Hints for Hunting-Men. By George F. Underhill. (Bliss, Sands, and Co.)

The Silver Fox. By Martin Ross and E. E. Somerville. (Lawrence and Wishart.)

Down by the Swane River. By Aubrey Hopwood. (Kegan Paul, Trübner, and Co.)

Handley Cross. (New Edition.) By Surtees. Illustrated by John Leech. Sportsman's Pocket Series. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

Roddy Owen. By Mal Bovill and G. R. Askwith. (John Murray.)

Boxing. By R. G. Allanson-Winn. Illustrated. (Jethian Library. A. D. Innes and Co.)

Nights with an Old Gunner. By C. J. Cornish. Illustrated. (Seeley and Co.)

"The effect of this disturbance [opposition to field sports] has been to call forth a self-preservative reaction, necessitated by the sporting effective elements of the human brain, stimulated by the strange and unfamiliar phenomena, nascent from the processes of incipient insanity, in themselves nascent from morbid selfishness." This dark saying, which startles the reader on an early page, does not prepare him for the sound good sense which follows. Mr. Underhill may be wrong in his choice of authority on the ancient history of fox-hunting; and he may protest too much when he says horse-breeding in England would become practically extinct if hunting ceased; but there can be no question about the excellence of the advice he offers the budding fox-hunter. We heartily commend his lecture on manners and deportment in the hunting field to all who intend to begin hunting, and to many who are long out of their novitiate, to the end that their appearance at the covert-side may not be a source of apprehension and sorrow to those upon whom the said beginners and others may bestow their company. Mr. Underhill's scheme for compelling the pecuniary support of non-subscribers by the issue of "hunting licenses" also calls for commendation as an idea that might be moulded into workable shape and effectually meet an increasing difficulty. The idea is not new; more than a century and a half ago the magnitude of the crowds which turned out to meet the Royal Buckhounds brought about the establishment of a system of "hunting tickets"; and a similar plan has but recently been mooted by a writer in the *Field*. Mr. Underhill has, therefore, ancient precedent and modern experience to support him.

Equally well informed concerning the chase are Messrs. Ross and Somerville, who, however, turn their knowledge into a different channel. "The Silver Fox" is a story which depends for its motive power on fox-hunting and Irish superstition, and is very far above the average run of sporting novels. The book is written in a bright and breezy tone, with ever-restrained humour. It displays nice sense of light and shadow, and power of characterisation. Hugh, Lady Susan, Mr. Glasgow, and Major Bunbury are vividly differentiated, the individuality of each remaining clear upon the mental retina when the last page is turned; and if Slaney Morris fills the part of "focussing medium" to the play, the rôle is not a thankless one in her case. No doubt the authors have pathological authority for the original but rather daring means by which they enable Hugh to regain the respect of his hard-riding spouse, and obtain the happy ending; but if they have not we forgive them.

Only partially to the realm of sporting fiction belongs Mr. Aubrey Hopwood's tale of life in the orange-growing district of Florida. It opens well, but fails to fulfil the promise of the first chapter, collapsing speedily into the rigorously conventional, and at the last moment breaking out of the groove in a fashion which has nothing to recommend it. When the noblest of heroes has defeated the scheme of the blackest of villains to secure the hand of the most beautiful of girls, we are justified in expecting that the curtain shall fall on the happy union of nobility and beauty. The conduct of Jim Scott at the psychological moment is most irregular. The situation is pregnant with interesting complications; the heroine waiting, the villain grinding his teeth, etc.; and this precious hero, fully equipped as he is with a Past, an imperturbable manner, an inscrutable smile, and ability to do everything better than anybody else, sinks off the stage and leaves the whole cast attitudinising! Our own opinion is that, despite his very complete outfit, Jim Scott was not of the warranted-genuine brand; or when his Past turned up exactly at the moment the least experienced hero might have expected her, he would have remained to help Mr. Aubrey Hopwood out of the scrape. As it is, the poor author does not know what to do; so he stops. Jim Scott's wonderful horsemanship provides a certain amount of incident which has not much to do with the plot, and Mr. Hopwood nearly succeeds in giving a good picture of English life in Florida.

From this amateurish production it is refreshing to turn to a new edition of Surtees's classic. The hunting-man who has not read "Jorrocks" is yet to be discovered, though the hunting-man who frankly confesses that he has read nothing else since his college days is by no means uncommon. "Handley Cross," in fact, holds a position unique in fiction; we know one old master of hounds in the North Country who lays it down as an axiom that "given 'Jorrocks' and the Psalms of David, a man wants no more." We pleased to note the order of the gentleman's literary requirements. This new edition appears in two handy little volumes, which contain reproductions of the original plates from John Leech's drawings.

The well-known colours of Roddy Owen on the binding of Mrs. Bovill's biography of her brother invite the short step from hunting to steeplechasing; though as a matter of fact the sporting phases of "Roddy's" career receive disappointingly little attention. In view of the celebrity

he achieved as one of the most successful cross-country riders of the day, we are not a little surprised that his doings "in silk" should be dismissed in twenty pages or less; there is, it is true, an appendix giving a list of races won during his eleven seasons, but Roddy's sporting friends will feel that much has been left unsaid. At the same time, it is impossible not to understand and appreciate Mrs. Bovill's desire to give prominence to the serious work done by her brother as a soldier. Roddy Owen, on the West Coast of Africa, in Uganda, in the Chitral and Dongola campaigns, had opportunities of turning to account in his country's service the qualities which won him success between the flags. Whether driving indolent Swahili porters, handling half-mutinuous Soudanese soldiers, or treating with slippery native chiefs, he displayed the same clear-headed patience and tact, the same pluck, judgment, and readiness of resource, that distinguished him as a rider. Had he lived there can be little doubt but that he would have made a conspicuous mark among our pioneer administrators. As it is, he will be remembered as one who well performed his part in the work of the Empire.

From fighting in Africa and on the North-West Frontier of India we turn to the "Ring," a portly volume on "Boxing," forming the latest of the excellent Ishmian Library. It is certain that, despite the Peace Society and the Humanitarians, the "noble art" is steadily increasing in popularity; and, if only as a means of healthful exercise, we trust it may continue to do so. Mr. Allanson-Winn's treatise is lucid and well written, comparing more than favourably, in this respect, with the long accounts of famous prize-fights which he quotes to lead point to his teaching. The author regrets that the exigencies of space preclude the possibility of giving more reports of the kind; but we are inclined to think that those supplied answer all purposes. Truth to tell, the P.M. reporter's style of writing had defects which tend, at the present day, to obscure their value for purposes of tuition. They were singularly minute and exact, yet often graphic; they display for the most part a praiseworthy impartiality, but the wealth of slang employed is a drawback, and when we reach the sixteenth fresh term for a pugilist's nose we are irritated rather than amazed at the writer's fearful ingenuity. We cannot blame the author for quoting old records as he found them; and we trust that if glove-fights again become the vogue, the sporting reporter will base his style upon the simple and straightforward language which Mr. Allanson-Winn shows to be equally convincing.

Belonging to quite another category is Mr. Cornish's "Nights with an Old Gunner," which recalls irresistibly the best work of the housepainter-naturalist known to the world as "A Son of the Marshes." Like former books from the same pen, this one is both instructive and entertaining, as ever must be the record of a careful and painstaking observer of wild life who wields a pen always bright and often brilliant. Mr. Cornish has chosen excellent fields of sport and study; probably there is no district in the kingdom where the habits of wild-fowl can be observed to greater advantage than Holkham and the Norfolk coast. The lobster and the prawn furnish the author with material for some of his best chapters, and should open the eyes of the world to the prevailing error that those crustaceans possess only a post-mortem interest. Mr. Cornish has the advantage of breaking comparatively fresh ground with these creatures; but his independence of novelty to furnish entertainment is made abundantly manifest in his charming essay on the London sparrow. We recognise many of these clever papers as having appeared in the *Spectator*, and are sincerely glad to see them in more accessible form. There are some excellent illustrations.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Pomp of the Laviettes. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen and Co.)

What Maisie Knew. By Henry James. (William Heinemann.)

The Temple of Folly. By Paul Creswick. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

In the Permanent Way, and Other Stories. By Flora Annie Steel. (William Heinemann.)

Mr. Gilbert Parker's is a story of Canada "sixty years since," when the French *habitants* had become so disaffected to their British governors, and allowed themselves to be seduced by their political leader, Papineau, into short-lived rebellion, long forgotten both here and there. The *Laviettes* are a prosperous family of *habitants* in a rural district, whose head is an adherent of Papineau. In spite of the "pomp" given them by their wealth, they are possessed by social ambition, and on this account receive as a welcome guest a broken-down English aristocrat, the Honourable Paul Ferroll, who is half-dead with pneumonia, keeping himself alive by copious libations of whisky, and whom the *Laviettes* tend and nurse as if he were one of themselves, Englishman and heretic though he be. Paul is the real hero of the story, so far as it has a hero, and a very strange one. He is an unmitigated scamp, who recites to himself his own misdeeds, without shame or remorse; and equal even to robbing, in the disguise of a highwayman, the host who is giving him a home. But what he has retained of the manners and demeanour of an English gentleman fascinates one of the daughters of the house, Christine Laviette, a young, piquant, and daring damsel. Paul is wicked, but not altogether bad. He discloses Papineau's plot to the British authorities, but it is through the survival in him of the feelings of an Englishman, not from any sordid motives. When the rebellion is crushed and the dwelling of the *Laviettes* is surrounded by the British red-coats, Paul risks his own life to save that of his host. He dies in the mêlée that ensues, but at the hands of a former rejected lover of Christine; and she, as the curtain falls, kills with a pistol-shot Paul's slayer. "The Pomp of the Laviettes" is a very striking and powerfully told story.

In his latest fiction, which appeared originally in the *New Review*, Mr. Henry James seems to have been trying an experiment which cannot be pronounced successful. It may be described as an attempt to make very uninteresting persons interesting by the sheer force of the novelist's will. The heroine, Maisie, who in the course of the story never emerges from comparatively early girlhood, is the only child of "Society" parents, who are no better than they

should be, and who are divorced in the first chapter. Husband and wife marry again, but each is faithless to the new spouse, though without a second scandal in the Divorce Court. At first Maisie leads a neglected life, one half of the year with her father and the other with her mother, both of them equally worthless. When they marry again she is bandied about between her step-father, her mother's second husband, and her step-mother, her father's second wife, also a worthless pair. The step-father is kind to her after a fashion, and at last a tender feeling towards him grows up in Maisie's youthful breast, but only for her to discover at the end of the volume that he is resolved to throw her overboard and to cling to her step-mother, whose husband has deserted her, and with whom her step-father has been flirting desperately. This is all the story, which is without anything that can be called incident or plot. The volume consists mainly of a chronicle of the unedifying sayings and doings of Maisie's parents and of her step-father and step-mother, diversified by endless dialogues between her and a vulgar *gouvernante* respecting

"England in the Eighteenth Century" is tacitly acknowledged as the source of suggestion, and the "one other" member of the club "whose name," Sydney remarks, "does not appear," is to Mr. Creswick no mystery, being, in fact, one Anthony Fairfax, son of a Totnes banker, and owner of the ship *Bonaventure* of Plymouth. This Master Fairfax first led a roving sailor's life, and finally, to his loss and ultimate profit, fell in with Mr. George Bubb Dodington, likewise with Mr. George Bubb Dodington's daughter, Joan, whom he wins, not wholly to the reader's satisfaction. Of course, Mr. Creswick is only the "editor" of Fairfax's narrative, and cannot be held responsible for the way events fall out, but had he been writing fiction it is hard to believe that he would have first aroused interest in Anthony's early love for a Miss Fitzgerald, the one strongly drawn character in the book, and then have allowed these two, so bound together by romantic circumstances, to drift apart, the lady to marry Paul Whitehead, who is but a shadow, Anthony to win Miss Dodington, who is likewise a

ART NOTES.

Never have the walls of the Rembrandt Gallery, Vigo Street, been so brilliantly bedecked, or so many absolutely faultless works been brought together, as at the present time. But the matchless colours are due to no human hand, although to Mr. Shelley Denton is due the credit of having brought them within our reach, and it is to his method as much as to its application that attention should be drawn. Mr. Denton has for years been collecting moths and butterflies in all parts of the world, but, dissatisfied with the old system of impalement upon pins, he has invented a tablet in which is a slight depression for the body of each butterfly; whilst the wings are brought close against the glass covering which protects the fragile creature from dust, breakage, and all other danger, whilst allowing ample opportunity for microscopic study. The tablets, moreover, can be passed without misgiving from hand to hand; so that for educational purposes the "Denton Tablet" seems equally well adapted. There are some



REVERIE.—BY W. A. BREAKSPEARE.

Now in the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

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the sayings and doings aforesaid. The heroine herself is by no means a striking or interesting young person. "What Maisie knew" at the end of the book more than at the beginning was that her relatives were disreputable people, and that a dissipated young man preferred the society of a handsome, artful, and experienced woman of the world to that of a chit of a girl, with nothing but prettiness and simplicity to make her attractive. And it is for such an insignificant result that a man of Mr. James's long-acknowledged ability as a writer of fiction and reputation for skill in "psychological analysis" has taken the trouble to write an elaborately tedious book.

It is difficult to decide whether in "The Temple of Folly" Mr. Paul Creswick has done a good thing. His first work, "At the Sign of the Cross Keys," gave promise of considerable power in story-telling, and this new effort, while far from devoid of promise, does not seem to get much further. The subject is excellent, being concerned with nothing more nor less than the doings of the Hell Fire Club of pious memory. Against this background the author has sketched a good and at times a thrilling story. Unfortunately, even when the last leaf is turned, it remains a sketch, yet a sketch so admirable that the reader can only wish the author had wrought it up a little more. Sydney's

shadowy creation. As easy were it to imagine the separation of John Ridd and Lorna Doone. The conventional ending is, of course, often better avoided, and art is better served by a skilful defeating of the obvious expectation, but there must be justification, and here, unfortunately, the only sanction seems to be youthful caprice, of which, perhaps, the author intends an exposition. If so, then Mr. Creswick has, in this respect at least, done a good thing.

Perhaps the best of Mrs. Steel's short stories, "In the Permanent Way," is this eponymous one of a drunken engine-driver who gave his life to the attempt to save a native saint. This Hindu ascetic had squatted permanently on the permanent way, and needed to be removed out of it by the kindly driver on each journey, till both were at last run over by the train. It is a pity Mrs. Steel made an engineer the teller of the tale, since he at least would know that a locomotive had no fly-wheel, and that the hinge of the story does not hold at all. It turns altogether upon the absurd supposition that a locomotive under the same pressure of steam takes to a second the same time to do the same distance in a calm and in a hurricane! It is, however, an admirably told tale, and hardly less admirable is "A Tourist Ticket," narrating another railway accident to another and truer Hindu saint.

fourteen hundred or more specimens in the present collection, brought together from Europe, Asia, America, Australia; and the arrangement permits us to see how strangely these creatures are guarded against their enemies by protective mimicry and colouring, and to contrast the hues by which the upper and under parts of their wings are marked.

In selecting representative works from the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oils, it is difficult to lay down any hard and fast principle, from the very fact that the artists themselves adhere to no specific line. As a rule, we are accustomed to place the President, Sir James Linton, among the figure-painters; but in his principal picture this winter, "Rest," he claims attention as landscapist. It may be objected that the landscape is purely English, while the resting figure is altogether Italian, but this is an artist's license, with which it would be pedantry to find fault. Again Mr. Fred Morgan is generally associated in our minds with street arabs and scenes of town life; but he seems not less at home on the sea-shore—among sailors and fishermen and their merry ruddy-faced children. Mr. Breakspeare is better known in connection with more prosaic scenes than his "Reverie" suggests; but his heroine has not abandoned his habits of careful drawing and elegant pose, although her thoughts are far away.



KNIGHTING THE SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

Drawn by Paul Hardy and Herbert Raiton.



EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS.

Drawn by A. Forestier.



A CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Drawn by Lucien Davis, R.I.



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JACK ASHORE.—BY FRED MORGAN.
Now in the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



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REST.—BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.
Now in the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



CHRISTMAS IN HOLLAND: ARRIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS, THE DUTCH SANTA CLAUS.

Drawn by G. Niclot.

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NOTE.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have received a suggestive letter from Mr. J. B. Hannay, F.R.S., regarding a possible or probable fashion in which typhoid fever germs may be disseminated. It may be remembered that the problem of the aerial distribution of these germs is still an open one; that is to say, it is at least an undecided point whether typhoid germs can be diffused into the air and infect us from the atmosphere. The usual mode of infection is, of course, from polluted water. One patient, as we have seen, may pollute the supply of a city, and what gives the fever to one gives it to all—namely, the common infected water-supply. But sanitarians have always recognised that in addition to this diffusion of typhoid by means of water or milk, there must be other ways of its extension. There is no reason why typhoid germs should not pass in a dried state into the air, and become part and parcel of the floating matter of the atmosphere. This has been the contention of those who have recorded cases of typhoid springing up from close association of patients with bad drains. The idea popularly entertained that to breathe sewer-gases or sewer-air is "to tempt Providence" in the way of typhoid infection, is founded on the contention to which I have just alluded. But there have been difficulties in the way of conceiving how typhoid germs could be carried by the air, and still more in the way of regarding sewer-gases as necessarily noxious. The men who work in sewers are not specially liable to contract typhoid fever; but, then, they are breathing a constantly renewed atmosphere, even if it be one in which sewer-gases bulk largely; they are not living, as people in defective houses do, above a soil which is laden with sewage, and which is constantly sending forth a polluted atmosphere as part and parcel of the environment.

Mr. Hannay specially directs attention to certain researches of Tyndall's by way of showing that diffusion of particles may occur in a very definite fashion, under circumstances analogous to those in which aerial infection from typhoid fever may be regarded as possible. Tyndall, taking a solution of lithium, allowed it to pass over a fall of sufficient height to break up the level surface of the liquid and to cause minute air-bells or bubbles. Now, when the bubbles burst, microscopic drops of water are thrown off from them; and these water-drops, Mr. Hannay remarks, float in the air exactly as do the water-particles of clouds. When the air in Tyndall's experiments was aspirated through tubes of considerable length, the spectrum of lithium was easily seen on leading the air into a Bunsen burner. Applying the principle of this experiment showing the diffusion of particles of infinitely fine nature in water-drops, Mr. Hannay argues that when a sewer has a fall of even a few inches, with ventilation to the street, we have precisely the conditions under which diffusion of typhoid and other materials may take place. In this fashion, disease-microbes may be added to the air in thousands, and be liable to affect those persons who are susceptible of attack.

Mr. Hannay adds that at Gennevilliers, near Paris, the sewage actually passes out of the sewers in a fountain or cascade-fashion, and when he was recently visiting the outfall he could taste the sewage fifty yards off from the latter point. Wherever sewage is allowed to play in the fountain-fashion it is bound to give off its particles. Thus a defective house-drain will allow the water-particles to pass into the dwelling, and convey microbes to the tenants. The sewer-gases alone probably do not account for the ill-health of those who live in defectively drained dwellings, for, as I have remarked, sewer-gases may be unpleasant, but there is nothing specifically disease-producing about them. I agree with Mr. Hannay that when we get sore throats constantly recurring in badly drained houses, and a general state of low health which now and then forms the borderland of actual specific disease, we must set down the causes of the ailments to germ-infection. Indeed, we may assume that a good deal in this matter of infection will depend on the manner in which the germs reach us. They may produce less serious effects when they come to us air-borne than when we directly swallow them in polluted water or milk. It is a question of the environment here as elsewhere. I hope these views of Mr. Hannay recalling Tyndall's researches to mind will receive the attention of sanitarians. Anything which can throw light on the problems of infection must be valuable to us as pointing out means of preventing disease. In this view, I feel personally indebted to my correspondent for drawing attention to a probable source of infection at present unrecognised.

A preliminary report on the coral-boring at Funafuti has been published in *Nature*. It seems that the boring had, at the date of the report, reached a total depth of 643 feet. Professor David's remarks deal with the deposits reached at a depth of 557 feet. It will be remembered that the idea in boring into the coral is that of testing the validity of Darwin's theory of the erection of reefs, as opposed to that view which assumes that coral formations, instead of depending for their erection on the sinking of land, may be built up on heaped-up oceanic deposits. Darwin's view was that the corals began to build at their own depths, in the shallow water in which alone they can exist, and that as the land sank, new growths of coral were formed upon the older and dead masses. Now the borings at Funafuti, so far, distinctly go to prove that Darwin's idea is correct. True coral reef has been bored into to an extent of more than six hundred feet; while Professor David adds that during the time represented by the mass bored into (and a very long period it must have been) coral must have grown in great abundance in some part or other of the locality now represented by Funafuti. In other words, if the coral had been erected on oceanic deposits, these deposits would have been discovered long before a depth of six hundred feet had been explored. As it is, it is a coral foundation all through, and this is precisely what Darwin asserted. It will be instructive to hear what Professor David has to say later on concerning the influence and bearing of these researches on the rival theories of coral-formation. So far the balance is on the Darwinian side.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C G ARRIANS (Maiden Vale).—We are much obliged for your information, but this week our news is crowded out.

A W MCKENZIE (Brondesbury).—Your problem shall be examined, but, as you correctly surmised, the idea it embodies has been long since worked out.

A G FELLOWS (Wolverhampton).—The problem was published Oct. 24, 1896, and we should be glad to have another equally good.

S WILLIAMSON (Scott's part).—The solutions are regularly printed, and it is as easy for you, with a file of the column at hand, to find the answer as for us.

J DIXON.—You have overlooked the fact that the Knight is pinned, and therefore cannot move as you suggest.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2793 received from C A M (Penang), and Upendram Malini (Chinnai); of No. 2794 from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2795 from Thomas E Laurent (Bimby), and Thomas Devlin (Arcata); of No. 2796 from C E H (Chilton); of No. 2798 from Edward J Sharpe, T C D (Dunlin), C E H (Chilton), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), and Herald; of No. 2799 from F J Cudry (Norwood), Captain J A Chailie (Great Yarmouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), Edward J Sharpe, D Newton (Lisbon), G Hurbach (Berlin), and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2803 received from Edward J Sharpe, C E Perugini, Shadforth, J Dixon, Miss D (in person), C E H (Chilton), G T Hughes (Putnam), J Lake Ralph (Durley), T Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), H Le Jeune, F Ward (Islington), G Barnback (Berlin), E Loudon, R Jones (Norwood), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Uldique, J Bailey (Newark), F Denn (Croydon), R Westons (Canterbury), W D A Barnard (Uppingham), C E M (Ayr), George Robinson (Coventry), Signa, T G (Ware), F Hoop-r (Putney), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Sorrento, Joseph Wallock (Chester), Alpha, and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

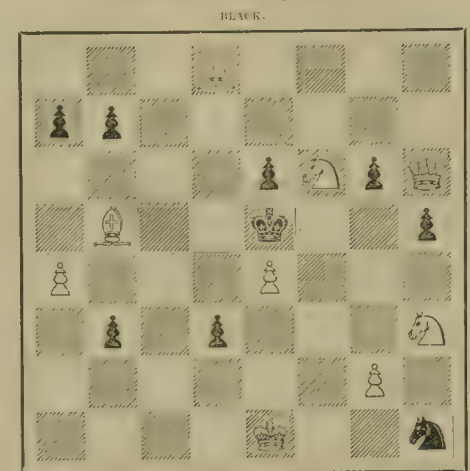
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2790.—By B. W. LA MOTHIE.

WHITE. 1. Kt to R 5th. 2. Q to K 2nd. 3. Q to R 5th, mate.

BLACK. P to R 8th (a Kt) P takes Kt

If Black play 1. P to R 8th (a Q), 2. R takes B (ch); and if 1. B to K 5th; then 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch).

PROBLEM No. 2803.—By F. LEBBY.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the championship tourney of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. T. C. GUNNORS and H. H. COLE.

(Ginnco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. C.)

1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to B 3rd. 3. B to B 4th. 4. Castles. 5. P to Q 3rd. 6. B to K 3rd.

7. B takes B. 8. P to K 3rd. 9. B to Kt 5th. 10. P to Kt 4th. 11. B takes Kt. 12. K takes P.

13. Q takes B. 14. Kt to B 4th. 15. P to K 5th. 16. K to R 5th. 17. K takes P. 18. P takes P.

19. Q to R 4th. 20. Q takes Kt. 21. R takes Q. 22. K to Kt 3rd. 23. P to K 4th. 24. P to K 3rd. 25. Kt to K 2nd. 26. K to Kt 4th. 27. P to K 4th. 28. P takes K B P.

29. P takes Q P. 30. K to B 3rd. 31. P to Q 6th. 32. K to Kt 4th. 33. K to R 3rd.

34. P to K 3rd. 35. K to R 5th. 36. Kt to B 6th (ch). 37. P takes P. 38. Q to K 3rd. 39. K to B 5th. 40. Kt to B 6th (ch). 41. P takes K. 42. P takes K. 43. P takes K. 44. P takes K. 45. P takes K. 46. P takes K. 47. P takes K. 48. P takes K. 49. P takes K. 50. P takes K.

We suggest, as much superior, Kt takes P, giving command of the centre and making at least a good defence. White now goes rapidly to the bad.

17. Q to K 3rd. 18. K to B 5th. 19. Q to R 4th. 20. Q takes Kt. 21. R takes Q. 22. K to Kt 3rd. 23. P to K 4th. 24. P to K 3rd. 25. Kt to K 2nd. 26. K to Kt 4th. 27. P to K 4th. 28. P takes K B P. 29. P takes Q P. 30. K to B 3rd. 31. P to Q 6th. 32. K to Kt 4th. 33. K to R 3rd. 34. P to K 3rd. 35. K to R 5th. 36. Kt to B 6th (ch). 37. P takes P. 38. Q to K 3rd. 39. K to B 5th. 40. Kt to B 6th (ch). 41. P takes K. 42. P takes K. 43. P takes K. 44. P takes K. 45. P takes K. 46. P takes K. 47. P takes K. 48. P takes K. 49. P takes K. 50. P takes K.

Pretty, because if K takes R, P takes P (ch), and wins; but in any case perfectly good and correct.

38. P takes Q P. 39. K to B 3rd. 40. K to B 5th. 41. P to Q 6th. 42. K to Kt 4th. 43. R to Kt 5th. 44. R to Kt 5th. 45. R to Kt 5th. 46. R to Kt 5th. 47. R to Kt 5th. 48. R to Kt 5th. 49. R to Kt 5th. 50. R to Kt 5th.

Black wins.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By F. BONNER FRASER.

White: K at Q 4th, Q at Q 6th, R at Q R 2nd, Kts at K 2nd and K B 4th, B at Q R 8th, P at Kt 4th.

Black: K at K 6th, R at K R 7th, Kt at Q R 3rd, Ps at Q R 2nd and K 4th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By T. TAVERNER.

White: K at K 7th, Q at Q 5th, Rs at K R 3rd and Q 6th, Kts at K 4th and Q 8th, B at Q 3rd, P at Kt 2nd.

Black: K at Q 6th, Kts at Q 4th and N 4th, Ps at Q 4th and K 6th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By P. F. BLAKE.

White: K at Q R 8th, Q at Q R 5th, Rs at Q B 5th and K R 2nd, Kts at Q 6th and Q B 3rd, B at Kt 3rd.

Black: K at Q 5th, Bs at Q B 7th and Q R 2nd, Kt at Q R 6th, P at K 4th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By W. A. SHINKMAN.

White: K at Q Kt 5th, Q at Q 4th, R at K B 6th, Kt at Q 5th, Ps at Q 2nd and Q 4th.

Black: K at Q B 3rd, Ps at Q 3rd and Q B 4th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

White: K at K 2nd, Q at Q B 7th, B at K 6th, Kt at Q 8th, P at K R 4th.

Black: K at K B 4th, Ps at K B 3rd and K 6th.

White mates in three moves.



HARD TIMES.

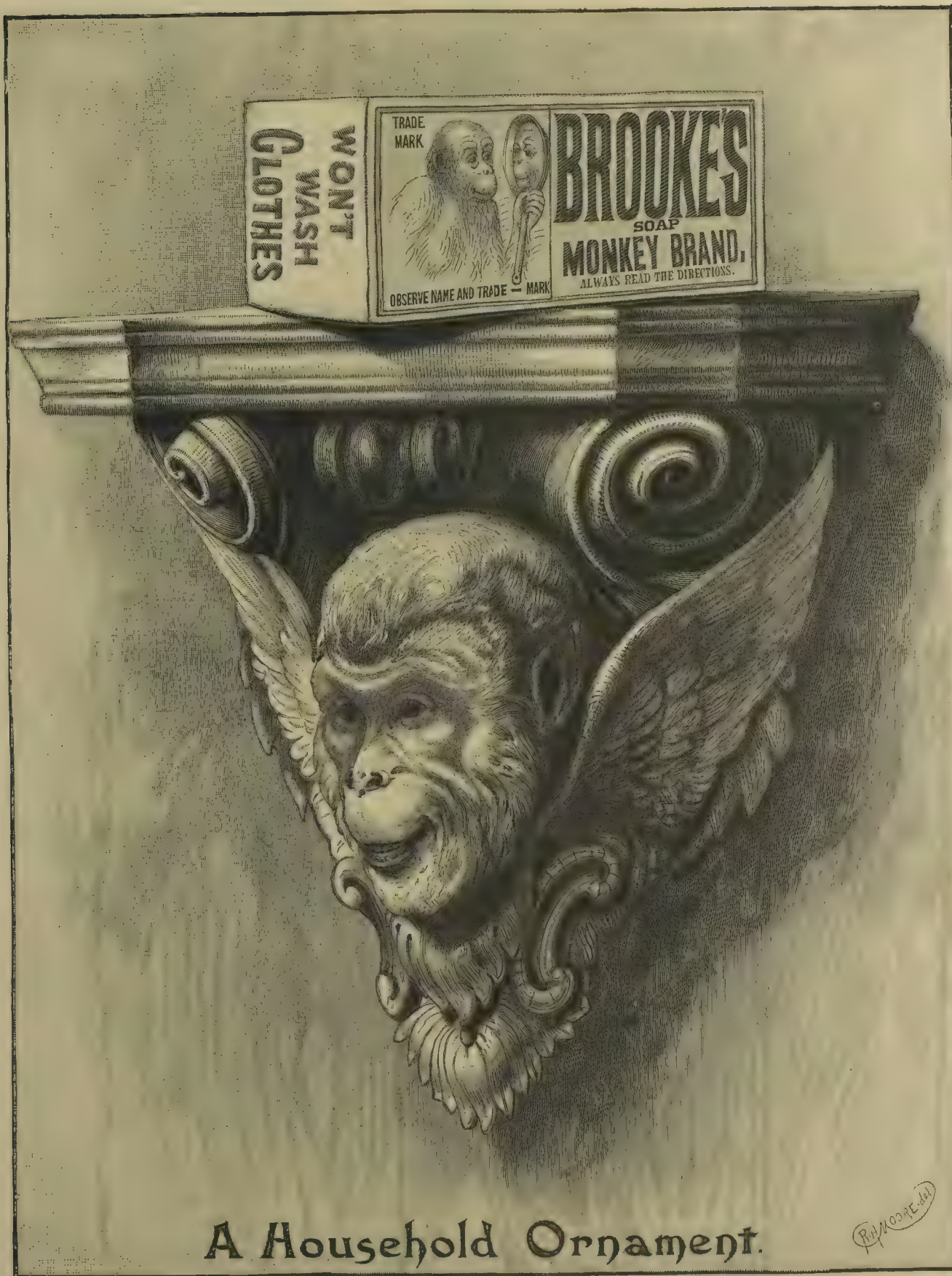
Drawn by Henry Stannard.



THE TABLES TURNED: THE BISHOP'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.—BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

"God bless you, merry gentlemen,	Remember Christ our Saviour
Let nothing you dismay;	Was born upon this day."

In olden times highwaymen allowed ecclesiastics to go free on Christmas Day.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

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LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS.

Fur has become so much an accomplished fact on evening gowns this winter that few women who are versed in the true inwardness of fashion but possess at least one dinner or party frock whose attractiveness is set off by narrow bands of glossy sable or otter. Wedding-dresses are even in the movement, and at three recent celebrations of the sort the brides wore severally chinchilla, golden otter, and sable on their regulation white satins. On white cloth nothing is of course smarter, and a very chic skating-dress, designed for a lady at the Dutch Court, was shown me some days since, which was made of pale cream-coloured face-cloth, lined up with bright pink taffetas and bordered with five narrow rows of golden otter. A capote of pink mirror velvet, with wired tufts of otter, and a large brush osprey, was moreover borne out by a muff to match, daintily scented with violet sachet powder.

Somebody standing by at the time thought aloud that it was an *ensemble* much more suited "to Paris than to Amsterdam," but that critic unknown, whose experiences were probably confined to hotel society when in the land of Flemish frows, could not have known how extremely pretty and often handsome are many Hollanders of the first flight, specially speaking. Whole corsages of fur are again much in the manner of the well dressed at present, and a quaint garment of this sort, just imported from Paris, claims a description on its merits at once. Briefly summed up, it is a high-collared vest of sable, the little animal's head and forepaws coming below the waist, while half-way down each side a couple of bushy tails give style to the bodice. Black moiré and sable in combination is another eccentric offspring of the moment's mode, and is, as a matter of fact, scarcely less enticing, while decidedly more serviceable than the grey cloth and chinchilla of our present universal ardour.

A matron's gown of black moiré, for example, made rather wide round the hem, tight over hips, and forming a fourreau at front and sides, was one of the outdoor costumes which conspicuously attracted my approving regards during last Sunday's church parade. British matrons, it may be remarked *en parenthèse*, are only occasionally successful from the more frivolous and chiffon point of view, but this special one was an exception. She had probably overheard and laid to heart the remark of a disapproving Frenchman, that "all Englishwomen over forty developed high stomachs and cloth dolmans." A libel, of course, but still one that might apply in Brixton and Clapham, so, therefore, to be lived down.

Returning to declensions therefore, my matron should be described as wearing three rows of narrow black velvet, gathered on this skirt of rich black bengaline. The bodice may be more accurately summed up as a sable blouse, having long basques taken in around the waist and



A VELVET TEA-GOWN.

forming a short fur skirt, quite plain and falling over the moiré, fastening down the left side, and with epaulettes as addenda of green leather encrusted with turquoises,

sleeves, high collar, and waistband being *en suite*. This gown of *fin-de-siècle* matronhood was the most charming possible creation, and one in which any woman of uncertain middle-age might suitably and becomingly appear. Smart gowns for the matron are, indeed, a very burning question just now, and hence this thushness of detail. There really seems, moreover, no possible reason why the lumpiest materfamilias of tradition, and still more, alas! reality, should not make way for the well-equipped up-to-date mother of many, inasmuch as the conditions of later-day surroundings tend less to homely or cloth-bound humanity than to something more partaking of the graceful and picturesque.

Apocryph of the Illustrations, one is almost reconciled to the inevitableness of clinging-skirts which are now absolutely on the way by such a *chef d'œuvre* in chiffons as this dainty blue velvet tea-gown. Bands of jewelled passementerie heighten the effect of its lace frills and sable borderings to admiration, and a large jewelled clasp fastens the bodice at left side. The bell-shaped sleeves which appear in this sketch have also become recently adopted items of fashion, and as such will be probably popular, notwithstanding the fact of their unquestionable chilliness. This indoor gown of Irish poplin also looks and is quite captivating in a full tone of emerald with vest and apron of rich Lyons velvet in a slightly deeper shade. An appropriate and effective trimming of fine Irish guipure is helped out with a bordering of dark, glossy otter. The cravat of lace over pink chiffon gives a charming touch of colour at neck. The waistband is bias black satin. In evening gowns there seems less inclination to the sinuous and clinging style than with day dresses so far, some of the smartest women here and abroad still holding to the short and shapely skirts of our much-expressed affections. And such leaders of modish matters as the Grand Duchess Vladimir, the Infanta Eulalia Duchesse d'Aosta, and, coming near home, Lady Warwick, still give countenance to the short and very *bouffant* evening gown.

Passing from the wardrobe to the linen-press for a moment, I am constrained to remark and enthuse on some quite lovely household linen which has been shown me among the wedding presents of a friend. It hails from Paris, and is miraculously dainty. All the sheets and pillow-cases are treated to a very wide open-work hem all around, and in the centre are Louis Quinze bows of drawn thread, through which show washable pink, cream, and blue silks variously. The effect is very lovely, and one, moreover, which I can fancy being capable of copying by sketching the design and possessing one's soul and scissors with considerable patience. The originals that I speak of cost a very portentous price indeed.

ANSWERS.—Abbey Dene: I have used this for a pseudonym as you did not give one. The artist who sketched those dinner-gowns you admire will, I have no doubt, be pleased to make you a larger sketch than that in the paper. You could not get them otherwise,

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS.—'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'—LORD LYTTON.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'—BISHOP HALL.



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DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE.

How to Avoid the Injurious Effects of Stimulants.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—FREQUENTLY DERANGES the LIVER. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are ALL very APT to DISAGREE; while light white wines and gin or old whisky, largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for ANY CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the Liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A WORLD of WOE is AVOIDED by those who KEEP and USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' THEREFORE NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

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"That covey give me a pipe o' bacca for gittin 'im a cab."

"Well, that's not much."

"Oh! aint it, but this is a bit of ALL RIGHT, its PLAYERS."

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" is the ORIGINAL and the BEST. It is sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition. Smokers are cautioned against imitations. Always ask for "PLAYER'S."

all being specially designed for *The Illustrated London News*. If you wish for them and write me again, I will put you in communication. 2 The nigrette you can get at Jay's. If not in stock they would get one for you. It is no trouble. I am very glad to be of use.—E. G. S. (Bristol): I am very sorry you have had to wait for your information until now. The subject on which you require it will be treated in next week's fashion column.—SYBIL.

NOTES.

The Countess of Warwick is remarkably practical-minded and quite an exception in this respect among the women of her rank, especially those who, like herself, were great heiresses in their girlhood. She evidently gives serious and sensible thought to the problems of life that press upon those less well-off than herself, and she particularly notes the difficulty that seems to be experienced by those "born upon the land" in making an adequate livelihood by agricultural pursuits. Several years ago Lady Warwick started a training school of plain needlework (of the more fine and skilled order) on purpose to give employment during the winter to the girls of the agricultural labourers' families, who could find plenty to do on the land at certain seasons, but at other seasons were deprived of any means of breadwinning, and consequently were apt to forsake their village homes and swarm into the towns. Lady Warwick did not disdain to open a shop in London, where the goods made at her school could be inspected and purchased, or orders given for trousseaux and other special work. She has thought out and written an article urging that educated women should turn their attention more than they have yet done to dairy work and poultry-farming.

Milk is of vital consequence in the care of two of our special charges—infants and invalids; so that we must needs take an interest in any plans for securing its purity. The singular capacity of milk for catching and holding disease germs is so well known that some authorities advise that it shall always be boiled; but this is unsatisfactory, as the skin that forms over the surface of boiled milk, and so is wasted, is composed of some of its most vital elements, from the point of view of nutrition. But though unboiled milk is a possible source of danger, there is nothing mysterious about the peril. If any infectious disease has existed in the neighbourhood of the supply, the milk is very likely to carry the infection—that is all; but let us have a pure source of supply, and there is no danger. The Bristol Corporation is proposing an experiment in this direction. The Health Committee is forming a strong voluntary association to employ inspectors and formulate test conditions for the farms from which the city is supplied with milk. No law exists that would compel farmers to submit to this association; but it is believed that the public would, for its own protection, "boycott" other sources of supply if there were those available certified to be properly conducted and under the inspection of the association. If



INDOOR GOWN OF IRISH LOPLIN.

this experiment should be carried to a successful issue, other towns may well copy.

Charities have competition to meet, just like businesses. There appears to be an almost fixed sum available for distribution in charitable work, and what is given in one

direction is taken away from another. Sometimes a new enterprise springs up on the same lines as an older one, and merely because it is new, threatens to oust the longer established valuable work. A new scheme has been recently introduced, with the ubiquitous Mrs. Creighton at its head, for founding what is described as a "Bureau for Women's Work." Its stated objects appear upon examination to be identical with those of the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," which has existed since 1859, and the committee of which now puts forth an appeal that its claims shall not be overlooked because of the louder voice of the youngster that is entering into competition. There is, indeed, one fundamental difference underlying these two enterprises. The older society has always strongly maintained the right of women, even of the poorest classes, to choose for themselves, untrammelled by law, the form of labour which they think most congenial and most profitable for themselves in view of their own possibilities of mind and body. The new society, on the other hand, is largely governed by those who, like Mrs. Creighton, desire to interfere greatly by law with freedom of labour for poor women. The Bishop's wife, at a recent conference in London, went so far as to propose that all home work for wages should be prohibited to women—an excess of zeal which could not find supporters even amongst those of the same general way of thinking to whom the proposition was offered.

Another charitable society which has existed since 1857, and suffers to some extent from mere lack of novelty, is the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, 38, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross. On a very small income it has done a great deal of very precious work for poor and unfortunate women. It is a matter for regret that each year lately the society has had to trench on its capital. The work of the society is very largely legal. The London police magistrates highly appreciate its services, and often recommend applicants for advice at the courts to apply to the society for assistance. The efforts of the society are directed, in the first place, to putting matters straight without recourse to the law. Deserted wives, or those who have been assaulted by their husbands, are thus frequently assisted without further publicity, for as soon as a bad husband finds that the case is taken up by someone stronger than the poor woman herself, he will come to some equitable arrangement; but when recourse to the law is necessary, the council first instructs a solicitor to appear before the magistrates, and afterwards enforces the orders of the court if necessary, and furthermore fulfils a function which has in the past been extremely important to such poor women, namely—acting as trustee or receiving-office for the allowance which may be ordered by the magistrate to be paid by the husband. Those of my readers interested in this description of work should send to the society's office for the latest report and read the illustrative cases, which show how necessary it is that such a society should exist and have an adequate income.—F. F.-M.



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YEAR BY YEAR INCREASING DEMAND

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 30, 1894), with two codicils (dated Nov. 6, 1895, and April 14, 1896), of Mr. James Edward Backhouse, J.P., of Hurworth Grange, Hurworth-on-Tees, Durham, banker, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Elizabeth Barclay Backhouse, the widow, Thomas William Backhouse, the brother, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, the cousin, and Joseph Gurney Fowler, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £312,021. The testator gives £1000, his consumable stores, horses, carriage, and plants to his wife, and £250 each to his executors, Thomas William Backhouse, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, and Joseph Gurney Fowler. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, but in the event of her again marrying, an annuity of £1000 is to be paid to her. The ultimate residue is to go to all his children in such manner and in such shares as his wife, whether sole or married, shall by deed or will appoint, and in default thereof in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30 following), of Mr. Henry Richard Clarke Pauling, M.L.C.E., of 28, Victoria Street, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Dec. 1 by George Craig Saunders Pauling, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £123,273. The testator bequeaths the furniture and household effects at 24, Holland Villas Road to his wife; the income of certain mortgages, amounting

to £3150, to her for life; an annuity of £100 to his mother; £3000, upon trust, for his sisters, Flora Ferrario and Jennie Fowler; and his shares in Pauling and Co. to his said brother, the calls thereon, if any, to be paid out of his estate. The residue of his property is to be held upon trust to pay £300 per annum to his wife, and such further sum as his executor may think fit quarterly, not exceeding in the whole £1000 per annum, for the maintenance, education, and advancement of each of his two children until they respectively attain the age of twenty-five years; on either of his children attaining twenty-five, the £300 per annum to be paid to his wife is to be increased to £800 per annum. Subject to the foregoing provisions, the residue is to be divided equally between his children on their attaining twenty-five or marrying with the consent of their mother and guardian.

The will (dated July 29, 1897) of Mr. Octavius John Andrews, of Brighton, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Dec. 9 by Percy Thomas Andrews, the son, and Onslow Arthur Wickham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £24,792. The testator gives an annuity of £600 to his daughter, Emmeline Navarra, and his executors are to pay to her any sum she may require up to £1000; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

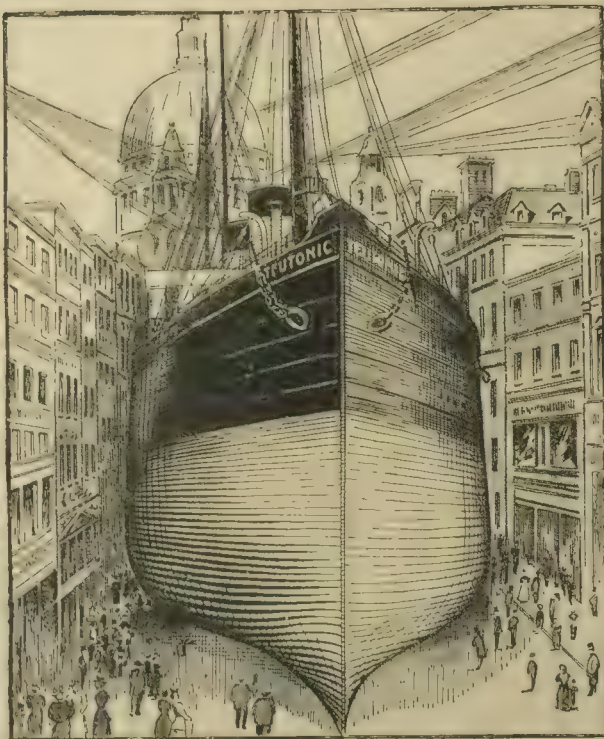
The will (dated July 27, 1890) of Dame Clementina Robinson, of 61, Eaton Place, widow of Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, K.C.B., who died on Nov. 13, was

proved on Dec. 7 by Richard Harcourt Robinson, the nephew and executor, the value of the personal estate being £41,437. The testatrix gives £8500, the money at her bankers, her pictures, jewels, furniture, and the contents of 61, Eaton Place, except plate, to her sister, Maria Hannah Louis. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her nephew, Richard Harcourt Robinson, for his own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1874) of Mr. Fitzroy Somerset Cochrane, of Kingsmead Road, Oxtou, Birkenhead, who died at Southampton on Oct. 13, was proved on Dec. 6 by Robert Nicholson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,282. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 4, 1895) of the Hon. Charles William Trollope, of Barholm Hall, Stamford, Lincoln, who died on July 5, was proved on Dec. 7 by the Hon. Robert Cranmer Trollope, the brother, and the Rev. Thomas Marsh Everett, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,036. The testator gives £100 to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, Charles Street, St. James's; £50 to the Rev. Thomas Marsh Everett; and his jewels, watches, guns, and articles of personal use to his nephew Thomas Trollope. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be realised, and the proceeds applied in the discharge of the incumbrances on

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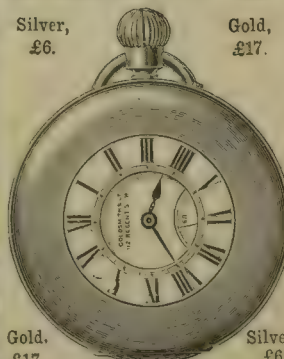
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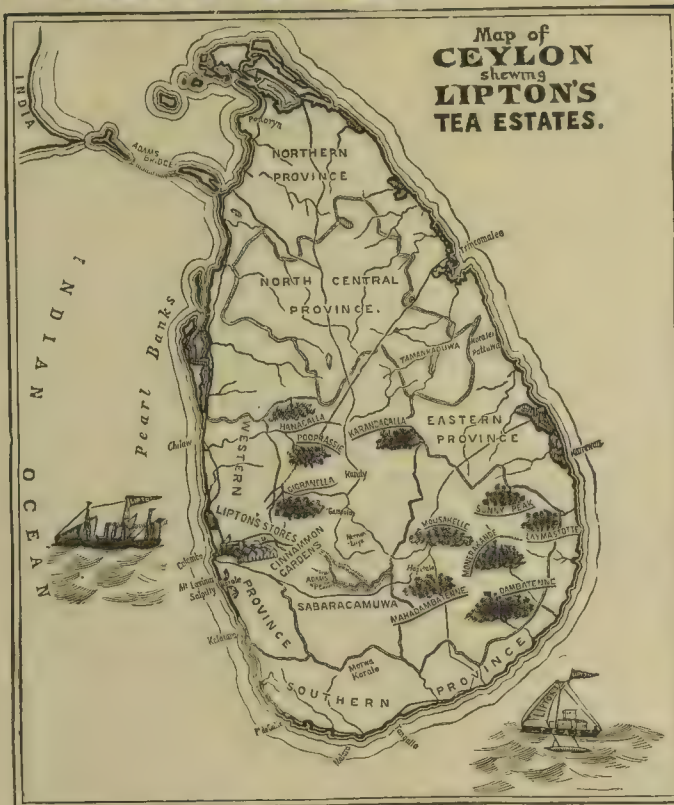
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the lands in the counties of Lincoln and Northampton as settled by his deceased father, John, Lord Kesteven.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1895) of Miss Emma Savory, of 23, Kilbrook Park Road, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Nov. 19 by Sir Joseph Savory, Bart., M.P., and George Foster Braithwaite, the nephew, and Mrs. Mary Savory Boulflower, the niece, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £12,392. The testatrix bequeaths £5 each to the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the London City Mission; and very many small legacies and specific gifts to relatives and servants. She appoints her one fourth share of certain funds under the will of her mother, Mary Savory, to her sister Mary Braithwaite. The residue of her property she leaves as to one moiety to her sister Mary Braithwaite, and the other moiety to the children of her sister Hester Hargrave.

The will of Mr. St. George Tucker, of the Bengal Civil Service, and late of Elm Marrow Road, Guildford, and formerly of Branksome Park, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 3 by Miss Edith Frances

Jane Tucker, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £7907.

The will and two codicils of Miss Lydia Jones, of 61, Lordship Park, Stoke Newington, and formerly of Ifield Court, Gravesend, who died on Oct. 27, has been proved by Thomas Matthews and John Mortimer Jones, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9960.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

I am glad to say that the General Literature Committee of the S.P.C.K. have unanimously resolved to prefix to all copies of the recent misleading translation of Maspero a notice to the reader in these terms: "The General Literature Committee of the S.P.C.K. think it right to state that certain passages in this version do not altogether represent Professor Maspero's views on Biblical history as represented in the French edition." They further promise to communicate with Professor Maspero, and issue a further statement. Considering that the alterations may be counted by the score in all parts of the book, this is a very inadequate description of the real facts. But there can be little doubt

that the committee will soon see their way to withdraw the translation entirely, and to have it revised by competent and trustworthy hands.

Dr. W. H. Longhurst, the organist of Canterbury Cathedral, has been superannuated at the full amount of his yearly salary, and continues the use of his residence in the precincts. Dr. Longhurst has been associated with the Cathedral for an uninterrupted period of seventy years!

Mr. T. Tertius Noble, organist of Ely Cathedral, has been appointed organist of York Minster. He is only twenty-eight years of age, but is well known in the musical world as one of the best organists in England, and also a distinguished composer. He wrote the music to the "Wasps" of Aristophanes recently performed successfully at Cambridge.

The *Guardian* contains an interesting article on Paul Kruger, giving a very favourable account of his remarkable career and his youthful courage as a soldier. The writer says that Kruger has a yearly income of about £8500, but lives in a simple cottage, and remains simple in all his customs and manners. He likes to see his visitors when they are strangers at six o'clock in the morning;

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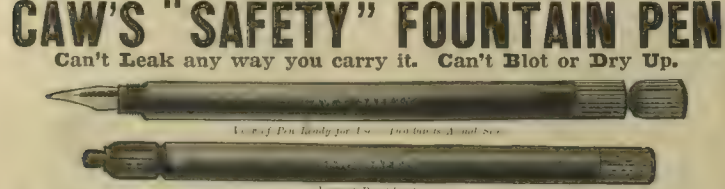
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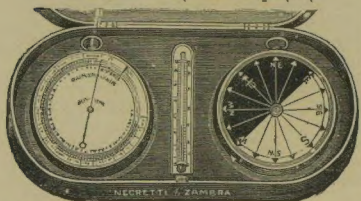
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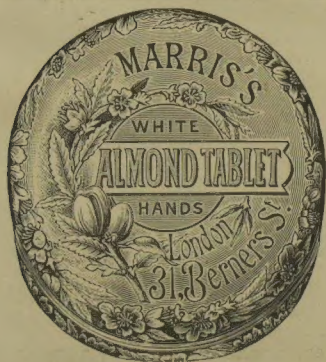
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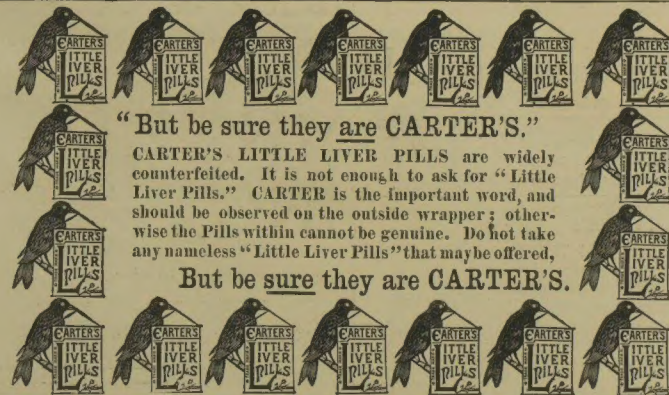
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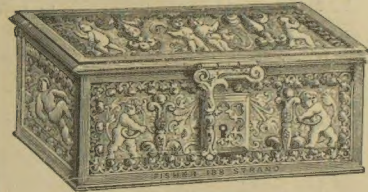
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Hulda Simons, at the Steinway Hall, gave another. This little record, however, of concerts at more important West-End halls paled before the chronicle of the following day, Dec. 17, which literally seemed to portend a rush to be in at the death. To take evening musical entertainments alone, at the Queen's (large) Hall the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society gave one concert; at the St. James's Hall Signorina Emma Bociardo made her first appearance in England; Mr. Charles Inches and Mlle. Olga Leonow gave a third concert at the Small Queen's Hall; at the Hampstead Conservatoire there was a Students' Evening Concert; and a fifth, on a somewhat large scale, was given, under the inspiration of Toyrooe Hall, at Bishopsgate Institute. It would almost seem as though there was a general belief among the

concert-giving order that Saturday, Dec. 18, was to be the Day of Judgment. At any rate, Friday seemed practically to be regarded as the last day of the half-season.

It would be clearly impossible to deal not only with the concerts of the whole week, but also with the few that are here mentioned. To summarise briefly: Herr Emil Saher, on the occasion of his second recital, was, of course, not likely to change any opinion that has been formed about his particular artistic excellence. He plays with amazing sentiment, colour, and intensity. On the Tuesday afternoon, little Steindel gave his last recital for the present season. One rather regrets to note those words, "for the present season," for, unless the boy is in very truth a second Mozart—and, he is remembered, at the age of seven that divine musician had composed many and

published a few works—it is obvious that he should be withdrawn for a time to complete his musical training. There is little doubt that the boy has a certain personal touch of the intimacy of art in him; he plays not as a prodigiously clever schoolboy, but as a child who has actually seen something of the interior beauty of music. Even at his age he has a certain delightful humour, a delicate sense of equipoise, and a sentiment of elegance and prettiness. It would be idle to say that he plays Beethoven and Chopin with fullness of feeling or meaning; but he catches glimpses of the right thing every now and then, even in musicians so complete as these; while in the simpler compositions of Mozart—who, however, could touch profundities as deep as any reached by any other musician—he is absolutely charming.



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